Cklahoma's New School For The Deaf &

By JAMES H. CLOUD





SCENES AT BREAKING OF GROUND FOR MAIN BUILDING OF THE OKLAHOMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, SEPTEMBER 9, 1910.



HE OKLAHOMA SCHOOL for the Deaf, at Sulphur, when completed, will be one of the most modern and up-to-date schools of its kind in the world. Last De-

cember in company with Mr. A. A. Stewart, the superintendent, I had the pleasure of visiting the new school-site, noting the plan of the grounds, observing the buildings in process of erection, and viewing the corner-stone laid only a few days previously with fitting ceremonies including a masterly oration by Dr. J. R. Dobyns, superintendent of the Mississippi School for the Deaf.

The corner stone rests in the south-west corner of the main building and is made of Oklahoma rose granite. The south face of the stone bears the following inscription:

C. N. HASKELL, GOVERNOR. REGENTS:

E. D. CAMERON,

STATE SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. W. S. WILEY,

JOHN E. MILLAR.

CHAS. BURKS.
A. A. STEWART, SUPERINTENDENT.

* * * * * *

On the west side the following is inscribed:

CHAS. H. SUDHOELTER & CO., ARCHITECTS.

DOUGHERTY-KERBY CONSTRUCTION CO., BUILDERS.

A. D. 1910.

The corner-stone was laid on Wednesday, December 21, the following being the order of exercise:

- 1. HYMN-All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.
- 2. PRAYER.



A. A. STEWART, Supt. Okla, School for the Deaf

- 3. HYMN-Nearer, My God, to Thee.
- ADDRESS—Dr. J. R. Dobyns, Jackson, Miss. Supt. State School for the Deaf.
- 5. HYMN-My Country 'Tis of Thee.
- 6. LAYING THE STONE.
- SHORT ADDRESSES.
- HYMN—Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow.
- 9. BENEDICTION.

The copper box deposited in the cornerstone contained the following articles:

A copy of the Constitution of Oklahoma.

A copy of the Daily Oklahoman.

A copy of each of the Sulphur papers—the Democrat, the Post, and the Murray County Record.

The seven copies of the *Deaf Oklahoman* which have been issued this school year.

A copy of Dr. Dobyn's address.

A copy of Supt. Stewart's address.

Two photographs of the ceremony of breaking ground for the new buildings.

Copies of the program of the day and of the songs that were used.

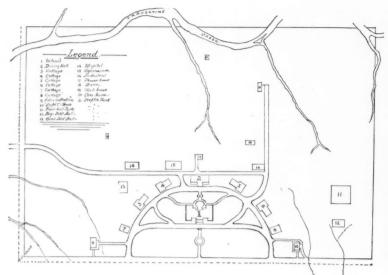
Superintendent Stewart's address, most apappropriate and in a happy vein, was short and is here reproduced in full:

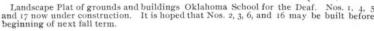
Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is the history-making era in Oklahoma; these are days of beginnings. We live on virgin soil. Our only predecessors are the red men, whose descendants—our neighbors—are rapidly passing away. The events of today may not signify much to us, but in 30, 50, or 100 years, the history we are now making will be read with eager eyes by those much worthier than we are who will fill our places.

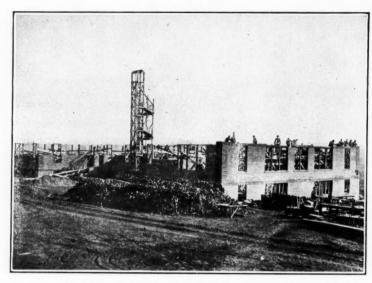
This building is only representative—being the largest—of the group of seventeen buildings which are on our landscape plat, and which when completed will, we think, make this institution—so far as buildings go—the most modern of its kind. In this corner-stone, by these simple but impressive ceremonies, we are to lay away some records of these days for the scrutiny of the generations that are to come.

Wonderful are the opportunities in this great young state, in all lines of endeavor. We have every incentive to excellence. We have a free field, and we have all the experience of the past to guide us. We should build better than did our fathers. Not only in our great constitution should we excel our sister states, but in every field of labor—material, political, educational, moral and religious,—our work should represent the wisdom of the ages.

Our opportunities bring corresponding responsibilities. We must not disappoint those who are looking to us for the best expression, in all lines, of humanity's faith and hope. Assembled here upon this site, so soon to be the scene of all the activities which this state institution represents; gathered







Main School Building, showing rear and side view. At extreme right may be seen place left in wall for corner-stone

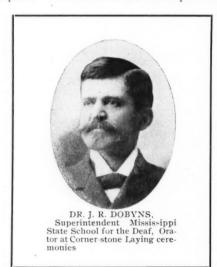
about this stone, which throughout so many years is to bear mute testimony of these days of beginnings and of opportunities,—let us every one resolve that, in our sphere, no matter how exalted, no matter how humble, we will do our very best toward accomplishing that which God and humanity expect of us.

Do you realize that generations of children yet unborn will fill these halls and play upon the campus? Thousands of anxious parents will bring their little ones here for the first time, and go away with tearstained cheeks; scores of classes of bright young deaf men and women, having finished the prescribed course, will here graduate into that larger schoolthe world; in the little cemetery, not yet located, many a pain-racked body will be laid away, while the friends turn aside with inexpressible sorrow. There will be happy reunions here of those who, having gone out from these walls to battle with the world, come back at intervals, to greet one another and to recount their success and failures. Not only will the state association of the deaf frequently meet here, but doubtless the national if not the international convention of instructors of the deaf will come here to discuss the great educational problems of the profession.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is holy ground. It was at Bethel, when he first came into Canaan, that Abraham builded an altar unto his God; and it was at that same place that Jacob, as he laid his head upon 'the stones, saw, in his dreams, the angels ascending and descending. What is this temple of learning, in our Canaan, but an altar of righteousness to our God, where angels shall guard the dear little ones committed to their care, as they pillow their heads 'neath these stones; and, as in Jacob's

case, so in ours, may these stones become pillows to our God, in token of our yows to Him.

Dr. Dobyns spoke at length and as one inspired. In an article like this it is possible to

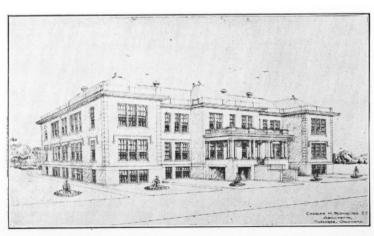


give only extracts of his oration of which the following are a few:

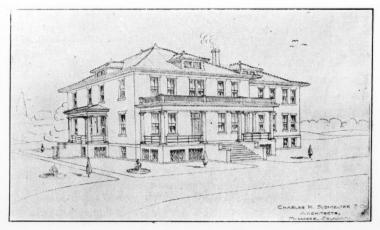
Would that while I was thinking of what I wanted to say to you today, I had had the inspiration of this inspiring spot. I have stood under the ancient elms of New England in old Hartford, and looked upon the cherry orchard in its robes of white, with the

old building erected over one hundred years ago by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet as a back-ground; I have strolled through the charming gardens of Fanwood and gazed up and down the historic Hudson; have passed many attractive spots along the way. and set myself down at Devil's Lake and looked out upon the waving and ripening wheat until the eve grew so tired it could see no further; I have leaped across the Rockies and taken my stand at Vancouver and feasted my eyes upon Mount Hood in her snowy dress; I have stood in Berkeley and looked out through the Golden Gate; I have shaken hands with the Mormon children, Utah's greatest crop; I have slipped off to Texas and strolled over her Empire; I have continued my journey until I could bathe my weary feet in the silvery Atlantic, and rest my fainting body in the shade of the grand old live oaks of St. Augustine; then I called in South Carolina to see if I could hear what the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina; I waited in Virginia, that I might meet the F. F. V's; and at the end of this long journey I reached Mt. Airy and sat down by the fountain of the lingual language of the deaf; in fact, I have looked upon the scenes that cluster around almost every school for the deaf in this great country, but I have never been more charmed than at this beautiful spot. Standing within sound of the gurgling waters that tumble through the pictureque park that lies at our feet, and gazing out upon the valleys, the hills and the mountains that form a corrugated frame for your ever-changing and beautiful horizon, I am charmed beyond expression.

The laying of corner-stones is not new. Do you know where it began? I have been so interested



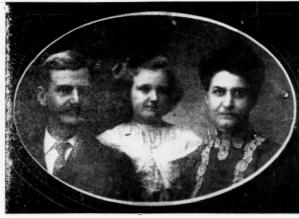
SCHOOL BUILDING OKLAHOMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.
(Now in process of erection.)



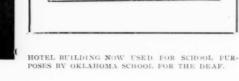
ONE OF THE SIX COTTAGES AT THE OKLAHOMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF (Two now in process of erection.)



PRESENT HOME OKLAHOMA SCHOOL FOR THF DEAF.



MR. AND MRS. R. N. DUNHAM
Superintendent and Principal of the Oklahoma School prior to its removal to Sulphur.



in the question that I have traced the record and have conclusive proof where and by whom the very first one was laid. Jehovah asked Job: "Who laid the corner-stone of the earth? (Job 38:6). Surely the laying of the corner-stone of such a structure as the earth dignifies the custom and justifies the practice.

I have wept over the heoric self-sacrifices of Jean Val Jean; and I have shed tears, as Edward Everett Hale, in his hardness of heart, disappointed Philip Nolan, "The man without a country," in turning him back to sea so many times when he was almost in sight of the shores of his own country, and hermetically sealing his ears to the sound of the words, "United States," and permitting him to die an exile upon the expansive waters, after 55 years of patient waiting for a glimpse of his "native land" and a joyous return to home and friends. But the pitious wail of the uneducated deaf man, as he cries light! light! light! when there is light about him but he cannot apprehend it, has crystallized my tears and so intensified the agony that my heart has bled with sorrow.

Conscious of her ability as a state, with the knowledge of what can be done for the deaf, and realizing how utterly helpless they are without education, Oklahoma is absolutely without excuse, if she does not continue to make adequate provision for their eduction.

I say helpless! Would you not think a man "helpless" who was groping his way in the dark without a hope of ever seeing the light? If I were a Michael Angelo and wanted to represent the supremest suffering, I would paint a picture of an uneducated deaf man groping his way in Egyptian Darkness, with floods of light about him, and underneath I would write, PATHOS. For of all pathetic pictures I have ever looked upon, that of an uneducated deaf man, in the light of the twentieth century, stands out in the boldest relief. Do not let your great State mar its civilization with these touching pictures. Your resources are boundless, your people are generous and wise, and your deaf children, in the darkness of ignorance, are feeling about for an opening that leads to the light.

In view of the large investments in buildings and grounds and the enormous expeditures annually for support of these institutions scattered throughout the States it would be strange if people did not want to know something of the character of the work done.

The public frequently but innocently asks, "What are you making of the deaf, any how?" I answer that question by propounding another, "What are you making of the hearing?"

What are we making of the deaf? In 1890 a superintendent of one of the state institutions for the deaf went to the expense and trouble of gathering statistics as to occupations and earnings of those who had gone out from that school during the preceding 18 years. He got returns from 33 1-3 per cent, and found that they were following 22 different

occupations, and that 33 1-3 per cent were making, annually, as much as the Legislature of the State appropriated at that time for the support of the institution that had educated and trained them. If these statistics could be gathered today, I am sure a much better showing could be made for these deaf people. If these same statistics could be gathered today in all the states, I am equally as confident that as good a showing would be maintained. Are we not making of the deaf productive citizens? Is not the money expended annually for their education and training a profitable investment for the state?

What are we making of the deaf? I had the distinguished honor, a few months ago, to address, in the sign-language, a world's congress of educated deaf men and women. Gathered in the splendid uditorium of the Colorado school for the deaf, four or five hundred strong, I said to them, among other things:

In the 36 years I have "gone out and come in" before the deaf, I have attended many conferences and conventions of trustees, superintendents, principals and teachers.

From what I know of the educated deaf, I am sure that I never looked out over an assemblage of men and women who are giving their lives for the education of the deaf who had a broader intellectual vision or stronger intellectual grasp than the body before which I stand now. As a class you are exhibiting to the world the most splendid powers of mind and heart. As a friend, I roll upon your shoulders today the responsibilities that come with knowledge and culture. No school for the deaf, in my opinion, can do the very best work in educating the deaf (I am weighing my words) that does not avail itself of that powerful but silent and pervading influence that emanates from head to heart of the educated Christian deaf man and woman, in supervision, in the shop, and in the school room.

There are, among the educated deaf of this country, to my personal knowledge, men and women of true hearts. These men study the great problems of the day in the light of history and literature. Some of them are statemen.

Would that the interests of our great country were as safe in the hands of our counselors as the interests of these their educated deaf friends.

Could anything higher be made of any class of our citizenship?

My young deaf friends, I have been talking about you; what shall I now say to you? The first lesson for you to learn is, that the state has opened the door for you to enter into citizenship. The greatest honor that our country can confer upon a man is to grant him citizenship, for this adopts him to her family and guarantees him life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The second lesson I would have you learn is, that the state is not only granting you citizenship but she is ready to equip you for intelligent and helpful service. Another lesson is, you cannot make the best citizen unless you get the broadest view of life. You cannot get the broadest view

of life unless you extend your intellectual vision to its utmost. You cannot enlarge your mind without study.

There is an ancient legend that Apollo carved an ideal statue. In the years that followed rude soldiers broke it into fragments. A man from Thebes carried away a foot; a man from Sparta took a hand; a soldier from Ephesus, a broken arm; and an Athenian, the injured torso. Long years afterwards, other generations recognized the perfect beauty in these fragments. At last each city cherished its possession as a supreme treasure. In Athens a sculptor exhibited the broken torso, and, according to his idea, restored the statue. In the other cities lecturers on the theory of sculpture preserved their fragments and made their restorations. One day all these restored statues were brought together at Athens. When the sculptors were all assembled, a stranger happened to be in their midst. When he heard their stories he amazed them by saying if each city would consent that the fragments be brought together, they would be found to form the ideal statue. They asked this new teacher to take the fragments and prove his words. Oh, wonderful surprise, when hand fitted to arm, and arm to torso, and limb to body. And when this mysterious stranger crowned all with the ideal head, the artists fell upon their knees and in ecstacy of joy sobbed forth their gratitude.

We all know of another statue, infinitely more beautiful than Apollo's ideal—a statue made in the image of the "perfect man," a statue fallen and broken. Let us gather up the fragments—an opportunity here, an opportunity there, an opportunity yonder, opportunities all along the journey of life, restore it in its beauty and give it back to God.

My friends, Oklahoma may lay this corner-stone as broad and as deep and as solid as Gibraltar and rear thereon a structure that will challenge the admiration of the world; but these conscientious Christian teachers are laying, in the hearts of these children, foundations that are to last forever, and are building thereon spiritualized temples that are to shine brighter as time and enternity go by.

Webster said: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds, if we embue them with principles—with the just fear of God and our fellow-man,—we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

At that Great Day, when man is to give account, I do not know what shall be in store for him who discovered radium, for him who enjoyed the distinction of being the greatest financier the world ever knew, for him who wrote the most profound and helpful state paper, for him who enjoyed the distinction of being honored above all men for worldly wisdom, for him whose invention brought the greatest comfort to mankind; but one thing I do know, that every faithful, patient, loving teacher of the

deaf, who, by example and precept, led one of these "little ones" to the "Rock of Ages" and taught him to sing, in the spirit, "Let me hide myself in Thee," will hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

As may be observed by a study of the landschool are tastefully located in a crescent, scape plat the buildings of the Oklahoma semi-circle. This is an excellent arrangement and was first suggested to Super-intendent Stewart by "Faculty Row" of Gallaudet College, on Kendall Green, at Washington, which he visited some months

The school is being built on the cottage plan the many advantages of which are best stated in the words of Superintendent Stew-

It separates the children according to ages, makes their living more home-like, makes supervision easier, and gives better air, light and ventilation. In case of fire, only one building if any need be lost; and as the buildings are only two stories high, it will be an easy matter to remove the children.

The buildings are all of reinforced concrete and brick construction, are fireproof, and have all modern conveniences. The face

"Down to Gehena or up to the throne,

He travels the faster who travels alone."

brick are large cherry-colored vitrified paving blocks laid in white mortar. The buildings will be lighted by electricity and heated by

The buildings front south and are located on a sixty acre tract adjoining one of nature's beauty spots-Platt National Park. This park comprises several hundred acres and abounds in sulphur, bromide and other mineral springs. The school is located just outside the limits of Sulphur and on ground about two hundred feet higher than the city It is one of the healthiest spots in the state with all that could be desired in the matter of clear light, fine air and pure water. Fortunate indeed is Oklahoma! How many of her sister schools would be glad to build all over again on a new site!

The following story from the Deaf Okla-

homan is too good to leave out:

The public has strange notions about deaf people. Not long ago two men were traveling on a train. Being teachers of the deaf (though hearing men), they talked for convenience in the sign-language. Presently parties near began discussing these supposing deaf people. Said one: "You can tell a deaf person by the shape of his head," and he pointed out the weak places in the heads of these men who were talking by signs. "That's so," said another man, and he pointed out other pecularities by which deaf people could be recognized. In a few moments one of the sign-makers began talking with the hearing men near him. You can imagine the chagrin and embarrassment of these men who could detect deaf people by the shape of their heads. They must have been related to the man who, upon visiting a school for the deaf, inquired why no adequate enclosures were provided to keep the inmates from

There is a commanding elevation in Platt National Park adjoining the institution grounds called "Point Inspiration" which I visited in company with Misses Baggerman, Myers, and Mr. Hughes of the Faculty of the Oklahoma school. My feeling upon reaching the spot was that it could have been called "point perspiration" or "point respiration" with equal appropriateness. The real point inspiration is the site of the Oklahoma School for the Deaf.

Superintendent Stewart is a practical man, devoted to his work, and possessed of the requisite qualifications of heart and head to do great things. And he is doing great things. He has seen a grand vision the full realization of which we hope he may also see.

From Lands of Zinc to Lands of Gold

By HOWARD L. TERRY



ARTHAGE, Missouri, is in the world-famous zinc and lead district of southwest Missouri. country is honeycombed below,

and moneycombed above, so to speak. When I got back to that honey-moneycombed district from Colorado Springs I fairly wilted. The heat was sickening, almost unbearable, and on the spur of the moment I was sorely tempted to return to the convention city until winter. Then I thought of California. Some four months previous I had suffered a severe nervous breakdown due to overwork and eve strain. It put me in bed two days, and I felt physically and mentally 'worn to a frazzle" when I got out of bed. Sound sleep had been a stranger to me until I got to Colorado, there I slept like a child, and and that was the cause of my seeking a change of climate. Mrs. Terry and I talked it over a few days and finally decided to try California.

California! There is magic in the word, and when one mentions his intentions to go to California, he is generally the object of envy.

The night before we left we took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, and greatly enjoyed their kindness. Now, Billy had an excellent spread for us, but when I challenged him to name the sort of meat he was serving he admitted that he wasn't quite sure, but thought it was either dog or mule. I said lamb.

The next morning dawned clear and hot. We were five: Mrs. Terry, Catherine, Howard, Jr., Victor and I. We carried each (except Victor) a suit case or a small grip. I had Victor and a heavy leather suit case as my share. We were to travel on colonists' tickets, but properly speaking, after our experience, cattle tickets. Mr. Pach tells us you can get tourists' car berths free. I paid for two and somebody else got 'em! Don't believe a ticket agent. He lies. He may not lie intentionally, nevertheless, he does it. I was assured repeatedly that I would get a through tourist from Kansas City to Los An-



RESIDENCES ON THE CANAL, VENICE, CAL.

geles, and I ordered berths by wire ten days in The "through tourist" took us as far as Denver where, arriving over an hour late, we grabbed our kids and bags and ran two hundred feet to board the Denver and Rio Grande, which left ten seconds after we boarded. We had been given an order for berths on this new car, Denver to Los Angeles, and when we found our berths, lo! six people, two elderly ladies and four youngsters, occupied them, and kept them. An hour later Pullman conductor gave us two lower berths, and assured us the car would go to Los Angeles. Nit! We arrived in Oakland at 5 A.M. only to be side-tracked four hours, and then told to take the ferry to Frisco and secure berths reserved for us to Los An-The ride on the ferry was interesting and the sight very beautiful. We spent the day sight-seeing in Frisco, and taking the Southern Pacific, that evening, arrived in the city of Los Angeles at 2:30 next day, seven days out! A trolley ride of fourteen miles brought our journey to an end-Venice.

Our long journey was a very interesting one. We passed through Colorado Springs, where Mr. Veditz was watching for us, but failed to see us—on through the Royal Gorge, over the deserts to the beautiful Wasatch range, through the valleys of the Promised Land, through Salt Lake City and Ogden, then across that wonderful lake by moonlight, the air impregnated strongly with the saline breath of the lake, and next day a long, dreary

run over the Nevada desert. Oh! how drearv. As far as the eye could reach stretched the barren, sunbaked, alkali crusted wastes, and long before we arrived at Reno (the modern Marathon) our lips were cracking and blistering from the caustic atmosphere.

At Reno a glass of water cost me five cents. Referring to water in California, it is the great problem. Water is too hard and too hard to get. A native said to Sam Small, "All Calfornia needs is water." And Sam Small replied, "That's all Hell needs!"

We were now entering the Sierra Neveda range, and by moonlight. The scenery was grandly inspiring. The mountains, moonlight and California made the picture, and we crowded on the rear platform to gaze, in mute admiration. The trip from San Francisco south was delightful, and for many miles Rich valleys, fine mountain along the sea. ranges, beautiful cities, the blue ocean and roaring surf were around us throughout the

Victor came through better than the rest of It is a tiresome task to look after a family on such a long journey, to say nothing of the shameful way we were thrown about by the Pullman Company.

But now for Venice. It's a dream without the waking. Our good friend "Reggy" found us an hour after we arrived here, and conducted us to a good apartment house for temporary quarters. I was low in purse, and I told "Reggy" I wasn't prepared to last long if the natives began to skin me, but Reggy assured me that he owned a gold mine, so I felt reasonably safe. Venice is rightly named. It was once a vast marsh whose salt waters would rise and fall with the tides. To reclaim this region by drainage led to the making of concrete lined canals which now wind about for miles, are crossed by beautiful concrete bridges, and lined by fine tropical trees and plants, and behind these, magnificent homes, beautiful bungalows, Japanese villas, Italian renaissance dwellings, and here and there a glittering white pile of Spanish architecture.

To the west rolls the blue Pacific, to the north rise boldly from the water's edge the





BROAD WALK BETWEEN VENICE AND OCEAN PARK, CALIFORNIA

AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CAL

clear - cut Santa Monica mountains, which, sweeping eastward, join the Sierra Madres, Running far out into the sea, the eye beholds Point Firmin, and far out, fifty miles over the rolling waste, rise, on a clear day, the peaks of Santa Catalina Island. And such climate! Hardly ten degrees variation the year round. No heat, no cold, no malaria, no sickness: Beauty, health, peace.

Occasionally there is a heavy fog, not often,

Occasionally there is a heavy fog, not often, then the sun burst through, and then, O Heaven, what beauty! Could I help but muse, and rhyme? These lines flashed to me:

The mist that hangs o'er Ocean Park Is but the veil of Beauty's form: The mountains rising bold and dark, The rolling ocean's mystic charm; And far and wide a world there be Of beauty, wealth and brilliancy!

Ocean Park is the common name for this part of Crescent Bay.

We had not been here many days before the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Regensburg asserted itself. And then Miss Bessie Taylor, my old Gallaudet classmate, did her share. Automobile rides and lunches, trips along the beach, surf bathing, fishing in the trout streams in wild canyons, runs to Los Angeles, and club meetings with the deaf of that city kept us busy. Then came a sea voyage to Catalina Island, where we took the glass bottom boats and beheld the wonders of the marine gardens, watched the seals—hundreds of them—climbed about the mountains, or watched the pleasure yachts. A charm and luring mystery seems to hang over tropic islands, and wandering alone along the shores I bethought me of Robinson Crusoe, and Cowper's lines:

"O Solitude, where are the charms
That poets have found in thy face?
Better to dwell midst alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."

Nothing horrible about Catalina; but solitude and the utter despair the circumstance would suggest have their terrors.

Does it cost to live in California? It depends upon you. We live here for the same as in Missouri. Tourists are swindled as they are all over the world. Fruit, native fruit, is as high here as at home, due to the heavy exports. Milk, eggs and butter are high, wages high, too, so there you are.

Now I have been here four months, health

Now I have been here four months, health entirely restored, eyes very much better, and my store of knowledge greatly increased, both as respects people and mother earth. People are all right until you know them: meet many, learn from all, be intimate with few. Learn to observe things, study God through nature, make a friend when you can, hold your own when you can't.

And now, good bye!

HOWARD L. TERRY.

VENICE, CALIF., Dec. 1910.

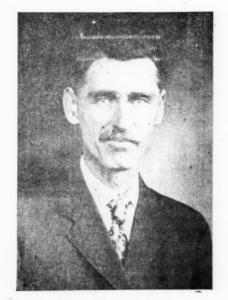
A DEAF - MUTE NATURALIST

EE CLARKE, the naturalist and taxidermist at Morgan Station, is known to almost everyone who has fished in Raritan bay. He has killed and stuffed about every kind of owl there is in the State of New Jersey as well as nearly every other species of game of bird, about every breed of snake that this commonwealth can muster, and from fifty to seventy-five kinds of fish that live along the Jersey shores and in the bays and rivers.

There is something out of the ordinary about the life of this man, who lives right close to nature on the little stretch of sand washed up by the old bay. Lee Clark has been deaf and dumb for nearly fourteen years. Since he lost speech and hearing he has turned to nature for his enjoyment and livlihood and nature has furnished both in plenty.

Eearly each morning, winter or summer, storm or clear, Lee takes up his gun, throws a basket over his arm, picks up a fishing rod and makes off for the meadows and the forests which border Cheesequake creek. His aunt with whom he lives, does not see him again until sunset, when he is sure to return with a well-stocked basket and with new specimens to add to his collection, which is now one of the most complete in the State.

Clark is considered by authorities on taxidermy as one of the best in his profession. He has perfected a system of mounting the specimens which gives him some claim to a knowledge of art. In his little tumbledown shack, where he works on the different animals which fall before his gun, there is rigged up an easel where Lee paints many a



LEE CLARKE.

landscape as a background for specimens which he mounts.

With the brush the man is exceptionally clever, and two of his best groupings, one of woodcock and the other of English snipe, have won for him much applause from hunters, who say that Lee has imitated the environment and pose of the birds so well that it is hard to realize that the specimens are dead. In

all of his taxidermy a noticeable feature is the effort of the naturalist to represent the bird, animal or fish, as it is seen in actual life. His collection of fish includes about every variety found in the fresh water streams of the State, and he has a number of seafish which are exceedingly rare. In all Clark has about one hundred fish mounted.

The collection of owls possessed by the Mogan Station man includes the Virginia horned owls and screech owls, in sizes ranging from four inches to nearly a foot and a half in height. Snakes are found in great variety in the nature den, while raccoons, skunks, field mice, muskrats and other animals abound.

From his taxidermy Lee reaps a fairly good living, having a clientele among the sportsmen who visit the station and who leave occasionally duck and other game for him to stuff. But Clark would be just as contented if he derived no revenue from his pursuit, for to him the pleasure of searching out the retreats of the birds and animals is sufficient reward.

He will often spend an entire day and sometimes two, looking for the haunts of some owl which has struck his fancy. Again he will sit fishing all morning for some member of the finny tribe, and still again he will risk danger in the pursuit of a rare species of snake. He exposes himself to all kinds of weather, but never seems to catch cold, and, with the exception of his affliction, he seems to get about all out of life there is in it.

all out of life there is in it.

Before coming of Morgan Station, fourteen years ago, Clark was a hustling business man

in New York, but he never expresses a wish to go back to the city. He is of a retiring nature, but he is always pleased to show a stranger about his shack, and he will write down the names of the various specimens on paper, so that the stranger may not go away dissatisfied with his attention.

The shack, which stands just to the south of Cheesequake creek drawbridge, has doubt-less been passed many times by hundreds of Newark autoists who have never given it a second thought. Others who have penetrated behind the red-painted hemlock walls have found enough there to keep them interested for more than an hour.—Newark Sunday Call.

Girl Blind and Deaf Successful Dramatist

AUDIENCE DEEPLY MOVED AND WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PLAY WHICH WIT AND WISDOM ARE FEATURES.

By John N. Raphel in Philadelphia North American.

NEW play by an unknown author-a girl who is stone deaf and nearly blind — was produced at the Odeon Theatre recently. It is called "Emancipation," and was the first of a series of repertoire plays produced by M. Antoine, much on the same system as that of Mr. Frohman's repertoire theatre in London. It is wonderfully interesting, and the audience, which was most deeply moved, became wildly enthusiastic.

The play is the story of a great philospher who, living an austere life himself, had preached a doctrine scattering the ordinary morals on which ordinary lives are lived. To him come his sister and another girl who have been

expelled from a convent.

The younger girl is one of the philosopher's disciples. She has read all his works, and she admires him and his teaching, though she has never seen him. They work together, read together, and although there is a great difference in their years, they fall in love with one another.

What is to be done? The philosopher declares that they should unite to get the best from life that can be got, though he himself is a married man. The girl will not, and she goes back to the convent, although the man pleads that sacrifice is the worst form of selfishness.

The play is quite unusual, the situtations are dramatic and the dialogue is amazingly brilliant. As the curtain fell on each succeeding act the applause grew louder, and when the play ended the audience rose and shouted for This is a most unsusal thing in Paris. During twelve years of hard theatregoing I only remember to have seen it once.

DID NOT HEAR THE APPLAUSE

The author was brought forward, bowed and disappeared. She is a girl of twenty-five, Mlle. Leneru. And she is deaf-stone deaf. She had not heard the loud applause. And she could just see-that was all.

Mlle. Leneru lives with her mother on a little pension in Passy. She speaks quickly, breathlessly, without rhythm, jerkily, as deaf people Her eyes are pretty ones, and she can

see a little.

Her father was a captain in the French navy. But he is dead. Until she was four-teen she was a child like other children; neither particularly clever nor particularly stupid, her mother says. She played as other children play, and wrote her exercises for

school-nothing else.

And then, when she was fourteen, she got typhoid fever. While she was convalescent her ears began to buzz and her eyes became veiled with a kind of cataract. Her mother took her from one specialist to another. eve specialists gave some slight hope; the ear doctors none at all. And the poor mother, feverishly anxious that her daughter should not be cut off from all human intercourse, set to work and learned the deaf and dumb alphabet, speaking to her daughter Marie as she learned it herself.

The eyes were saved—just saved. But one morning Mlle. Leneru woke up to hear a terrible storm raging. Lightening flahed, thunder crashed and on the roof of the little garret room in which mother and daughter were in the hail came rattling down.

"Listen Marie," the mother said; "listen to the storm." But Marie did not hear it. She

was stone deaf.

WITHOUT FRIENDS

Her deafness prevented her from having friends. Children are pitiless to suffering. But she read and she worked. She learned English and German and Latin. She read every book that she could get hold of, and one day the brain, which her infirmity had fettered with the bonds of silence, found an outlet on paper. Marie Leneru began to write.

She wrote, she says herself, with the eagerness with which a starving man swallows food. She wrote as a person would speak who had been forced to keep silence for weeks. Her ideas rushed to the paper like the torrent of a river in spite, carrying all before them until

they reached the sea of success

Five years ago she published her first book, 'St. Just." Recently her first play was pro-Recently her first play was produced. For such a girl the books and plays she writes fall little short of the miraculous. Remember that this girl of twenty-five has

been deaf since she was a child. She knows the word 'love' when it is spelled out on the fingers, but she has never heard it as a woman hears it. And yet her scenes of passion in "Emancipation" were her finest

She has written three other plays, and her success recently has frightened her. For many of the critics, writing of her works and having heard—with the exaggeration that flies about a theatre-that the author was deaf, dumb, blind, and a cripple, wrote of the curious kinship between insanity and genius. That Marie Leneru has genius was clear to everybody, but the words insanity, nevrosisme, and the like appeared so often in the articles which praised her play that the poor girl suffered terror from her triumph and a doctor had to be called in. She is much better now, although her mother watches over her jealously to prevent every excitement.

Mme. Leneru's story of the rehearsel of her daughter's play is one of the most pathetic

tales I have ever heard.

"She knows it all by heart, from the first line to the final curtain," said Mme. Leneru. "I did not take her to the earliest rehearsals; they would have tortured her too much. Poor child, she knows nothing about the stage, and I do not know more than she does. How could I explain to her that the actors and actresses were groping their way with the text, and they would act differently when they bacame conversant with it? To her it seems as though the child of her brain must spring all ready made into life on the stage, and not

to see it so might have killed her.

'So I waited until the last few rehearsals, and she followed those with the help of strong glasses. She watched the lips and gestures of everybody on the stage, and every now and then when she saw something that she thought was wrong she interrupted. That was the most pathetic thing of all. For my daughter remembers how people spoke before she became deaf, and of course she has never heard either herself or anybody else speak since, so that she did not know when she was trying to explain how this or that scene should be played; that her voice—high pitched, monotonous and absolutely without modulationgave no idea at all of what she wanted.

And how the poor child suffered at the first performance! She looked about the theatre, hardly knowing whether to turn to the stage or to the audience. Remember that she heard nothing, and that she did not know, unless they clapped their hands, whether the audience was delighted or just the reverse. At the end of one scene a roar of admiration rose before the

audience began to clap.

"'They are hooting me, mother,' she said, and when the final curtain fell I told her that they were excitedly applauding. said, but it is like the hailstorm long ago. I cannot hear them.'

Deaf and Dumb Secretaries

Since the "Young Turks" sidetracked Abdul Hamid and took charge of the Ottoman Empire, they have been conducting that ancient relic of the grandeur that was Rome with marvelous smoothness considering everything. Now the secret is out, and it suggests much that other countries might well ponder.

It seems that when the Turkish cabinet meets, no employees are permitted to be present save deaf and dumb ones. Each has a skilled deaf and dumb secretary, to whom necessary instructions are conveyed by the manual language, so that records may be kept; but of incidental discussion, which consumes most of the time, the secretaries have no knowledge. State secrets are thus kept inviolate, and the opposition party has been unable to break

Several countries that consider themselves much more advanced than Turkey have been discussing the idea of deaf and dumb statemen. The Congressional record's cost could be reduced to a mere bagatelle by adopting such an innovation, and there is widespread opinion that rather more legislation might be secured.

One never fully realizes his own limitations until he reads "Who's Who in America" and learns how many great men there are all around him that he never heard of before.

Cultivate a keen sense of humor-it lightens many a burden and makes easy many rough roads.



By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

"He who died at Azan sends This to comfort all his friends:

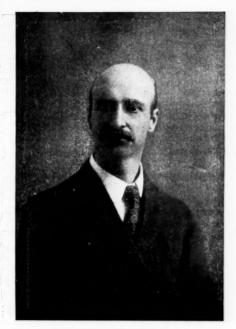
Faithful friends! It lies, I know; Pale and white and cold as snow; And ye say 'Abdallah's dead' Weeping at the feet and head, I can see your falling tears, I can hear your sighs and prayers; Yet I smile and whisper this-I am not the thing you kiss; Cease your tears and let it lie, It was mine, it is not I. Sweet friends! What the women lave For its last bed of the grave, Is a tent which I am quitting, Is a garment no more fitting, Is a cage, from which at last, Like a hawk my soul hath passed, Love the inmate, not the room, The wearer, not the garb,-the plume Of the falcon, not the bars Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye left upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here,
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah scaled, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it le!
Let the shard be earth's once more
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends
While the man whom we called dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfilled felicity,—
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell; Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell. I am gone before your face, A moment's time, a little space. When ye come where I have stepped Ye will wonder why ye wept; Ye will know by wise love taught That here is all and there is naught, Weep awhile, if ye are fain,— Sunshine still must follow rain; Only not at death .- for death, Now I know, is that first breath, Which our souls draw when we enter Life which is of all life centre. Be ye certain, all seems love Viewed from Allah's throne above; Be ye stout of heart and come Bravely onward to your home; La Allah illa Allah! Yea! Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave This to those who made his grave."



ROBERT EDWIN MAYNARD "THE OWL"

Since death has entered the ranks of the SILENT WORKER pen-pushers and taken The Owl. off his familiar old perch, I believe that

"He who died at Azan sends This to comfort all his friends."

There is an interesting little magazine— The Royal Magazine—edited for and by the Royal School for deaf children at Margate, England

Some of the social features as well as the discipline and practical way of doing other things at this English school are worthy of imitation by our American Schools. It has Model Shops at which the pupils learn how to shop and handle money and count their change without being all day about it. They seem particularly fond of the Grocery Department as naturally all children think of their stomachs first.

There is a class, besides the sewing-class for girls, which is called the House-Craft and the members of it spend two hours a day for four days of the week learning how to do the turning out and cleaning of bed-rooms, sitting-rooms, bed-making, cleaning brasses, fire-irons, stair-rods, silver-plated articles, polishing mirrors, brushing carpets, cleaning floor coverings, frames, window cleaning, etc.

For the last two years of the pupils' schoollife they are expected to win CERTIFICATES FOR GENERAL USEFULNESS and are offered prizes to stimulate them towards securing the highest percentage of marks necessary to get CERTI-Each boy is expected to show up the ability to sole and heel his own boots, sew on a patch by hand, patch his clothes, seat his trousers, repair trouser bottoms and cuffs of coats, darn his socks, take measurements, to plane up a piece of wood clean and true, grind and sharpen a knife, put in a pane of glass, fix a hinge and lock, make an oxford picture frame, repair a sash-line, strop a razor, dig a plot of ground, go errands, give and receive correct change; and a girl has to show the ability to cut out and make an undergarment, patch a garment, re-braid the bottom of a skirt, use the sewing machine, take measurements, re-foot a sock, darn a sock, wash and iron an undergarment and apron, clean a kitchen range, the flues and lay a fire; cook a

joint, potatoes, vegetables, soup, three kinds of puddings, an egg in three different ways; set a table for dinner and tea, make a bed and do out a bedroom in one hour, dress an infant, bandage a finger, go errands, give and receive correct change.

What useful boys and girls these English deaf pupils must be! How helpful and comforting they must be around at home with their parents. No chance for them to become lazy or acquire the don't-care-if-I-know-anything habit at school.

Mlle. Yvonne Pitrois, the young deaf French authoress, at Tours, France, can read and write excellent English but has never been able to get its pronunciation though she can speak French fluently. Having learned to speak before becoming deaf at the age of seven, she is all right in her native French speech and so wisely forbears trying to pronounce a foreign language which she never heard. Yet her inability to speak English does not, in the least, hamper her understanding how to read and write it. Cannot the oralists see some food for real thought in this?

The Mississippi School for the Deaf does some things and then some more because it has the right kind of a Superintendent in Mr. Dobyns, and the right kind of a Board.

It is quite the custom with that school to have some leading educator of the deaf come and give a lecture to its pupils every year on Gallaudet Day. The school foots all the expenses of the lecturer and treats him with true Southern hospitality. The lucky men to get such an invitation to the Land of Dixie in the past few years were Profs. Fox of New York, Patterson of Ohio, J. L. Smith of Minnesota, McClure of Kentucky, and J. Schuyler Long of Iowa.

Another custom of that school is treating the pupils to a real barbecue each spring out in the woods near by where they are brought near to Natures' great heart. A barbecue is so unique that it must be seen to be appreciated.

I remember—I remember, many years ago my great good luck in attending a regular



BARBECUE IN THE WOODS AT JACKSON, MISS.

barbecue in the woods near Nashville, Tennessee. I can still see the long trench freshly dug in the ground and filled with a bed of hot wood coals that had been hours in coming to the proper thickness of glowing red heat. Green boughs were cut from the trees and

stretched in regular lengths across the trench of burning coals and over them were laid big halves of mutton and beef to roast. With the air redolent of cedar trees and the growing luxuriance of the woods mingled with the savory odour of the roasting meat, one's appetite became whetted to the ravenous point. Then, when the big husky backwoodsmen overseeing the roasting operations found the meat was done to a turn, they cut off chunks with great butcher-knives to fill the hands of each person. All had to use their hands and fingers for plates and knives and forks and make the grass serve as napkins on which to wipe greasy fingers. A clear sparkling spring bubbled near by and furnished plenty of "Adam's Ale," and also did duty for "finger-bowl" abulations.

It was all a true going back to old Mother Nature, and I can well believe that the Mississippi pupils have grand times at their barbecues.

Debonair Howard L. Terry seems no longer satisfied to be a mere poet since a simple little "Rocky-Mountain Canary" got the better of him at the Garden of the Gods.

He has moved to Venice-by-the-Sea where, surrounded by plenty of water and tomes of wisdom, he essays the role of "Arbiter of Elegance" to the other "amateur writ ers" of our silent-world, who have not had the advantage of close study and the advice of masters of diction as he has had.

Sure, Mr. Terry has the worthiest of intentions,but his handling of the shears for a "Clipping Bureau" of the N. A. D. is going to take up a lot of his time with no thanks from anybody.

In Cleveland, Ohio, there is an ex-teacher of the deaf, Mrs. Elmer E. Bates, nee Laura MacDill, who "at one time was afflicted with deafness," as she says.

Mrs. Bates seems to take some interest in the deaf even yet, for she has now organized the first Sunday-School class for them at the United Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, and, under her leadership, it has twelve memhers

The Cleveland Leader quotes Mrs. Bates as saying that "There is less done, publicly, or privately, for the deaf of Cleveland than any city of equal size in the country. Even the churches have objected to the presence of the deaf in their congregations. It is a decided innovation for a church to admit the deaf as an integral part of its Sabbath School. You would be surprised to learn what heathens many of the deaf really are. Many of them have never read a line of the Bible, or had any of its passages interpreted to them."

This assertion of Mrs. Bates seems rather far-fetched, and cannot fail to cast some adverse reflection on the work of the deaf missionary, Mr. Mann, who lives in Cleveland. Rev. Mann is growing old and cannot be expected to do all the work that he could do in his younger days.

Perhaps the twelve deaf members of Mrs. Bates Sunday-School class are not so stupid as she thinks and will not thank her for referring to them as "heathens." There are lots of hearing people who never read the Bible and are worse "heathens" than any of the most ignorant deaf.

Like many hearing friends of the deaf, Mrs. Bates is well meaning and no doubt will do much good in helping the "heathen" deaf of Cleveland. But she should not make the mistake of thinking that because she was "deaf at

one time" (long enough to go through a course at Gallaudet College) she knows all about the deaf or presume that they are all alike in the same way that "all coons look alike"

The members of the High Class and other pupils of the advanced grades of the Iowa School for the Deaf were allowed to attend a matinee of the New York Hippodrome which appeared for a week in Omaha during January. It was a rare treat as the Hippodrome was the most marvellous production of scenic spectacles and spectacular action ever presented in the West.

Such diversions in the routine of schoollife cannot fail to benefit the pupils by enlarging their minds and giving them some thing



SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AT JACKSON, MISS.

to talk about instead of idle and harmful gossip.

E. F. L.

Teaching the Deaf

It is possible to teach a child born deaf to speak well, and, to understand the speech of others by observing the motions of their lips. This has been done in many instances in many countries. But the conclusion often drawn from such successes that all deaf children may do likewise is not sustained by experience.

Success in teaching deaf-mutes to speak is a matter of graduation, and in estimating the value of results, euthusiasm and bias on the part of teachers often lead to serious error. A large proportion of deaf children, whose teachers assure them they have acquired the power of speech, and who use their voices, such as they are, with considerable fluency are conspicuous failures in the world at large.

The utterance of these understood easily by teachers and intimate friends, is often so muffled or harsh, so imperfect as to repel strangers, thus putting the deaf person at a much greater disadvantage than if, remaining silent, he resorted to writing as a means of communication.

There are teachers of the deaf in the United States who have urged within the last few years that the language of signs ought not to be used in teaching deaf-mutes, and in a few schools attempts have been made to carry out this idea. It is, indeed, possible to teach deaf children without use of the language of signs in the class room or the public assembly.

But the testimony of great numbers who have been so taught is that their intellectual development has been narrowed and retarded by the refusal, on the part of their teachers, to make use of that language which is theirs by nature. My experience with the deaf, and my life-long familiarity with their peculiar lan-

guage, leads me to accept this testimony as a statement of a general truth, and to express the hope that the day is not distant when the natural language of the deaf will have its proper place in every school, as German deafmutes demand, and as many German teachers recommend.—*E. M. Gallaudet*.

Explanatory

I suggested the Clipping Bureau to Mr. Regensburg.

He asked me if I would take charge of it. I said yes.

He put a notice in the *Journal* about it. It took at once. One by one papers began coming in, although I had passed my doubts about getting papers to respond.

Then came a note from President Hanson appointing me to the Bureau of Publishing. I accepted. Through a misunderstanding Mr. Regensburg and I believed that my clipping work would be my duty on the Board of Publicity, and I began. Letters of encouragement came in, and clippings, and to date—ten papers are coming. Pretty good start eh?

Next thing that turns up, Hanson claims he never recognized the Clipping Bureau. I resigned at once. Reggy got mad, told me to reconsider until things got straightened out. I did. Still Hanson refused to acknowledge it. I resigned again, and recalled the letter that has caused the row, but too late, it came out. The letter was strong, but well meant, and I hold to it. I wrote from observation.

Now, if Hanson and Howard could see the work I have done—the valuable clippings about the good work of the deaf in all lines, the pictures I have—that stuff about muck-raking would put its author to shame.

These clippings, I had intended to hand over to the N. A. D. at the next convention. Defects in composition to be clipped out and made sport of, as Howard said, is his own idea—yes, very silly, as he says. I gave it out as a caution to improve composition, as I wanted well written articles.

Mr. Regensburg wanted me to keep up the Bureau for his use. I refused, on the grounds that I would not live here long—nor would he be secretary for life.

The Bureau is stopped. The papers may stop coming. Such clippings as I have I will destroy, or turn over to the N. A. D. if Hanson wants them.

Now, My dear Howard, name of my name, as critic, you will pardon me: you say, or suggest that my article be labelled A I, and a red ribbon attached. Perhaps a hair on your head upset your logic—why not follow the old way and use a Brun ribbon.

HOWARD L. TERRY.

An Apology

EDITOR THE SILENT WORKER:—Please pardon me for an unintentional but nevertheless a carelss discourtesy.

I entirely missed Mrs. A. H. T. Fisher's very valuable paper in your columns, and seeing it in *The Silent Hoosier* wrote my dissent to Mrs. Fisher's *implied* statement that animals think. Again, carelessly overlooking the plain notice in *The Hoosier* that the paper was original in th SILENT WORK-ER!

For this blundering, please accept my sincere apology

To add to it, *The California News* seems to have made the same mistake, in its January number, the same mistake that I did!

WM. WADE.

OAKMONT, PA., Jan. 19, 1911.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

HE North Dakota Banner, Dec. 24th, 1910, says editorially in part as follows: 'We have often wondered why some of the state associations go by such a legend as this: 'The Blank Association for the Advacement of the Deaf.' We have always favored the simpler designation, by leaving out the superfluous word advancement. There is hardly a club or organization formed without some kind of advancement in sight, vet we do not see this adjective displayed in corporate organizations of the hearing world. To the public a state association with the advancement feature so conspicuous might suggest that the deaf are not capable of advancement in any line of endeavor unless they come together in some form of an organization.

While this criticism is altogether too trivial to give us any concern, it may yet be worth a reply from us since the Pennsylvania Society was the first association of the deaf to adopt

such a title.

We concede the Banner's right of preference for the shorter title when it is merely a matter of choice, but is it always a matter of choice? The Banner looks at the title from a literary standpoint, overlooking all good reasons for its adoption in any case. is both right and wrong in its contention. Oh, my! but the way of the world does not always wag as we wish it to do. Once, in making a drawing of the Washington Monument, we took particular pains to draw the chariot and horses on top of the imposing front in proper perspective and proportion. The work seemed good to our superiors and fellow artists; at least, none offered any criticism upon invitation. However, when the customer viewed it, he immediately crticised that part and directed it to be made coniderably larger. It was explained to him that it would impair the artistic value of the work to give that ornament undue prominence, upon which he flashed up with your perspective; I want you to make it as large as I say, and I won't take any thing else." That gruff retort was a lesson which we have never forgotten. That man did not care for an artistic reason; he had a business reason. He was both right and wrong.

It does not seem to strike the *Banner* that there may be a business reason for the choice of titles for organizations. There is a business reason for doing a great many things in this age of competition. The reason is necessary or unnecessary according to the intent or

object to be gained.

If the Banner had experience in obtaining charters for organizations of the deaf, it would probably know that there may also be a legal reason for chosing clear, full titles for our organizations. That has been our experience in Pennsylvania, and, we believe also that, it is about the same elsewhere. The judges of our courts do not care to pose as literary crities; they demand compliance with the laws above anything else.

above anything else.

The Banner does "not see this adjective displayed in corporate organizations of the hearing world." What does it see then? Other adjectives equally superfluous. There is the "National Association for the Protection of

Employers," "The -School for the Im-Deaf-Mutes." "The proved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes." American Association for the Promotion of Teaching of Speech to the Deaf:" and many others like them which we have not space to give. Even the North Dakota Banner seems to transgress upon the rule that it has laid down for others. Is there a South Dakota Banner, an East Dakota Banner, and a West Dakota Banner? Then why use the adjective North? Oh, we know, from our experience in Pennsylvania, that it has a geographical reason for employing the adjective. is a South Dakota, the paper needs a distinguishing name. Now, we do not mean to criticise the name, neither can we find fault with such a name as "The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

Our attention was called to a recent editorial in the Kansas *Star* purporting that there is a law in Pennsylvania which prohibits the future employment of deaf teachers in its schools for the deaf. The editor is not positive of it, however; for he begins his comments with the phrase "if we are correctly informed." Then, assuming that the report is true, he prods the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf in the ribs for its seeming indifference to a matter of such importance as affecting the rights of the deaf of Pennsylvania.

We appreciate the *Star's* interest in and kindly feeling for the Pennsylvania deaf manifested by its inquiring editorial; but we really do not know of the existence of such a law, and even Dr. Crouter does not know of one. We would be interested to know the source of

the Star's information.

On Saturday evening, 21st of January, Prof. Wm. G. Jones, of New York, gave an inimitable dramatic reading of Eugene Walter's great Broadway success "Paid in Full," at All Souls' Hall, under the auspices of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D. President Wm. A. Davis opened the meeting by announcing the winners of the recent prize drawing held by his Division, and then called Mr. J. S. Reider to the platform and presented him the first prize, a gold half-eagle, amid applause. Mr. Reider briefly thanked the Division for bringing him the unexpected luck.

Prof. Jones was then introduced as the man who needs no introduction in Philadelphia, and for two and a half hours, he held the large audience spell bound by his graphic delivery. We cannot express it better than to say that every one was "paid in full" for the investment of their quarter, which was the admission

charge

We sent the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* the following clipping of the death of the deaf Sister of St. Joseph, and, on account of the high esteem in which she was held by the Philadelphia deaf, Catholics and Protestants alike, we desire to see it reprinted in the WORKER, believing that her beautiful life is worthy of the widest circulation. Our Catholic deaf, to whose spiritual welfare she devoted her life and by whom she was most intimately known, speak of her as the "sweetest, purest and most beloved member of their Church that has ever ministered to them;" and, from this, it may be imagined how deeply they feel her loss.

DEATH OF DEAF-MUTE SISTER OF ST.

JOSEPH

Sister Patricia, for thirty-one years a member of the order of St. Joseph, died at Mount St. Joseph's. Chestnut Hill, on Christmas Eve, of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days.

The deceased, who was formerly a Miss Hughes,

was a native of Carbondale, Pa., where the family still reside. At the age of eight years she became incurably deaf and dumb as a result of an attack of "black" fever. Becoming a student of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, then located at Broad and Pine streets, this city, she was visited by Rev. Daniel A. Brennan, then chancellor of the diocese, who also came from Carbondale. In the Institution Father Brennan found other Catholic pupils for whom no provision had been made as regards instruction in the doctrines of their holy faith. He gathered them together and brought them to the Cathedral Chapel on Sundays for Mass and catechism. The future Sister Patricia was bright and talented, and became an expert in the sign-language. Being of a religious disposition, she co-operated with good effect in Father Brennan's efforts.

After her graduation Archbishop Wood recommended her admission into the Sisters of St. Joseph, she having manifested a religious vocation. She used her talents for the benefit of those afflicted like herself, and taught a number of the Sisters the sign-language. These assisted her in teaching catechism classes for those attending the Pennsylvania Institution, the pupils coming for this purpose to the Cathedral Chapel, St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's. as these became in turn convenient centres for the work while the Institution was located at Broad and Pine streets. The same interest was manifested when the Institution moved to Mount Airy, and the Church of the Holy Cross became the centre. She and other Sisters of the order have been doing this work for thirty-one years, even paying their own

The only deaf-mute member of the order, Sister Patricia who devoted to the interests of those who had first claim upon her sympathy, and being one of the most expert and graceful users of the signlanguage, she was of inestimable assistance to many, some of whom might have lost faith but for her.

Her funeral took place on Tuesday morning from Mount St. Joseph's, Chestnut Hill. Very Rev. M. J. Geraghty, D. D., O. S. A., provincial, was celebrant of the Mass, and Rev. P. M. Whelan, of Ambler, former chaplain to the deaf-mutes, accompanied the remains to the grave in the community cemetery, where the final blessing was given. Three brothers and a sister of the deceased from Carbondale and a number of deaf-mutes were present at the services, in addition to the Sisters of St. Joseph.—The Catholic Standard and Times, Dec. 31.

The gratitude of the people of All Souls* Church for the Deaf is due to Mr. George A. Levan, an oral graduate, who, though not a member of the Church as yet, has shown more than a common interest in its affairs and that, too, of his own volition. Visiting the Church frequently and perceiving some of its needs for the convenience of its work, Mr. Levan, who is a carpenter of more than ordinary skill, set about secretly during his spare time to construct several articles of great use to the Church and then presented them to it to the surprise of all. Among the gifts are an ingenious alms-receptacle, his own design, two sizes of substantial step-ladders, and a readingdesk for the Guild Room which finely advertises his skill. This desk has a clever device by which the centre board may be raised to any height desired by a speaker, has two shelves, and the whole is substantially built. These gifts are greatly appreciated by the Pastor and people.

A Successful Company

The twenty-third semi-annual statement of the Howard Investment Company of Duluth, Minn., shows a steady increase in business. Starting with a capital of \$12,500 in 1899, it has grown to \$178,150. Mr. Jay Cook Howard, well known in the deaf world, is Treasurer.



Vol. XXIII. FEBRUARY, 1911 No. 5

JOHN P. WALKER. M.A.. Editor. GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY from October to July inclusive, at the New Jersey School for the Deaf. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50 cents a year, invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents.

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ADVERTISING RATES made known on application. The high lit-rary character of the paper and its general appearance make it a valuable advertising medium. It reaches all parts of the United States and goes to nearly every civilized country on the globe.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

Subjects.

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THE scholastic year of 1910-1911 is half

But Themselves

In spite of repeated Nobody to Blame warnings a number of our children have remained at home long

after their Christmas vacation had ended. Places were held for them as long as possible; but the pressure of applicants became so great that it became necessary to drop two chronic absentees from the rolls and give their places to others. The two are now very anxious to return, but it will be months, possibly years, before we can make room for them again.

Apace with

It is only recently that Oklahoma has attained the digthe Times nity of state-hood; but she is already taking an envied

place among the commonwealths of the nation. In matters educational, she is determined to hold a position second to none, and already her schools are attaining a high rank among the schools of the country. She has started a school for the deaf, which will be on the segregate plan and which, when completed, will consist of seventeen buildings. The appropriation of the last legislature was \$100,-000, and in another year they expect to have one of the most modern and up-to-date schools for deaf children in the world.

Scarce a month passes that we The Month's are not called upon to chronicle the loss of a school for the Fires deaf, somewhere, by fire.

During the month, just past, two near-by institutions, while not wholly destroyed, have sustained serious loss. The Lexington Avenue School in New York and the St. Mary's Institution in Buffalo were, this time, the unfortunate ones and both fires occurred on the 12th of the month. Luckily for the former school, passers by discovered it before it had gotten much headway, and one of them realizing the lack of hearing of the pupils, rushed in and seized one of them, and, hurrying out with her, showed her the blaze. She ran in and gave the alarm, and quick action on the part of attaches saved the building and reduced the loss to a very small amount. St. Mary's was not so fortunate. Her loss being estimated at \$10,000. An efficient fire-drill had prepared the children of both schools for just such emergencies, and there was no loss of life in either case.

The New Danger that Menaces us

Teachers of the deaf have always appeared to be a favored lot. Their little charges are of the

sunniest dispositions, easily governed, grateful and obedient, their hours are short, their life an intellectual one and theirs is the joy of doing good. What could there be more conducive to happiness and longevity. It remains for Lillie Rose Clyne to show us that there is "death in the pot." She says that "Just as teachers of the blind have been known to lose their sight and some teachers of the deaf and dumb have in time lost their hearing and their speech is it not possible that doctors of lunacy may develop mental disease? Now, it is a well-known fact that a mind, not over well balanced, has no business to be associated with those wholly distraught. There are very many cases on record, of men and women, long associated with the insane, who have themselves lost their minds, the direct result of this association. So great is the danger indeed that experts on insanity advise all of those connected with the care and treatment of the insane to take an occasional "lay off," to get the gruesome things which are ever around them, in their work, "out of their systems." With those engaged in the education of the deaf and blind the case is entirely different. There is nothing whatever in their work that would tend to make them deaf or blind, and cases where they do lose hearing or sight are quite as rare as among those in any other walk in life. Teachers of the blind doubtless "have been known to lose their sight," and, doubtless, "teachers of the deaf and dumb have in time lost their hearing and speech," but we have never heard of a case of either, as the direct result of their surroundings.

IF careful preparation counts The Delevan for anything, the coming con-Convention vention of the American Instructors of the Deaf will

eclipse anything of the kind ever held in this country. For months, the various committees have been busy cutting out its work and in a very few weeks the program will have been

Dr. Dobyns, the Vice-President of the meeting, calls attention to the following bulletin:

January 19, 1911. To the American Instructors of the Deaf:

I have just spent two days with Super-intendent Walker, at Delavan, in an effort to finish up the details of the program for the meeting of the Convention, which President Gallaudet has called for July 6, 1911.

I write to report progress and to say that we hope to give the full and complete program, by March first, including subjects to be discussed and the names of those who will lead.

Two Sections are yet incomplete and we do not care to publish the program in part. More than that, the consensus of opinion, as far as I can gather it, is, that the announcement 4 months before the meeting of the Convention will be early enough, in fact better than six months or a year.

Delavan will be an ideal place to meet and Mr. and Mrs. Walker will prove ideal hosts. The buildings are ample, convenient and comfortable; the beautiful grounds are a veritable park; the situtation is near enough to

Chicago to make it most accessible.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker keep everything in such "apple-pie-order" that it will be very little trouble for them to transform the school

into a National House Party.

Saturday, July 8, the session will be held at Delavan Lake, one of Wisconsin's most popu-Summer resorts, and Superintendent Walker is now planning to carry the members of the Convention out to this attractive spot in Air Ships, or some other vehicle of transportation.

Let every body begin to get ready to attend

the Twentieth Century Convention.

Yours truly, J. R. Dobyns, Vice-President.

From one Who Knows

THERE is probably no one in newspaperdom more conversant with the affairs of the various schools and institu-

tions of our state than Mr. Cleary of the Advertiser: and it is therefore with especial pride that we point to the conclusion he comes to, after a careful survey of our work, that, "the school for the Deaf in this city is one of the State's well-managed institutions." Quoting from the Newark News, he adds:

It gives instruction in the common school branches; in speech to those who can acquire it, in lip-reading, industrial occupations, wood working, trades, morals, manners, etc. In June, 1896, there were 125 pupils in the school, but last year the number rose to 162, the largest in the history of the school. The pupils, young and old, seem to be in good health and spirits and to show remarkable aptness in printing, half-tone engraving, shoemaking, dressmaking, painting, glazing, etc. It cost the State \$46,767 to maintain the school last year, but this is an economical expenditure for it makes these deaf pupils self-supporting and self-respecting citizens when they become of age and leave the school.

It would, indeed, be hard to find any place in the Commonwealth where the money of the State is more wisely spent.

In Apple Blossom Time

I'm satisfied with city life When wint'ry winds are blowing wild, And still feel sweet contentment as The April days are growing mild; But every part of me calls out Like reveille of morning drum, When the apples are in blossom And the dreamy days come.

I stand beneath the fragrant trees-The day is sunny, warm and still; I breathe in-breathe in perfume sweet. Until I soul and body fill. And then entranced, I listen as I hear the bees' low, gentle hum, When the apples are in blossom And the dreamy days come.



Adeiu, you month of Janus!

Any quantity of snow, this winter.

But twenty-eight days in this February.

The new boiler is in and is working finely.

The fire-drill on Friday was a great success.

What funny things go by in the automobiles.

Alfred Shaw's pompadour is the envy of all.

Old Philadelphia Day will soon be here again.

A dozen new fire extinguishers have been installed.

The work of cataloguing the library is progressing rapidly.

Mabel Zorn got sixteen presents while at home. Lucky Mabel!

The grippe has never been so prevalent as during the past few weeks.

Miss Cornelius had a birthday on the 26th. She was "umpteen" years old.

Harriet Alexander is greatly interested in "The Swiss Family Robinson."

Annie Campbell presented the office with a pretty calendar, on Wednesday.

The gymnasium classes are well attended and are a great boon these stormy days.

Frieda Heuser and Cornelia de Witte have not yet done talking about Christmas.

As high as a dozen children have been down with colds, at a time, and the end is not yet.

Erwin Hermann has very little love for the auto since one killed his dog a short time ago.

Quite a sprinkling of our Newark boys belong to the Y. M. C. A. there; a good thing for them.

Talking about your "Scotch mists" and "London fogs," what could be worse than our past week.

If Wainwright Pearsal does not get a case in the printing department pretty soon he will have a "coniption."

We had special chapel exercises on Tuesday morning adapted to "Know your City Week," Mr. Walker presiding.

Mrs. McKeon was a visitor, last week, and expressed herself greatly pleased with the progress of her little girls.

Grace Apgar, who now makes her home in Connecticut, paid the school a visit early in January, only to find our halls deserted, the pupils still being at home.

Annie Cornelius spent her holidays at the Hopewell Home, where she was royally treated by the Sisters in charge.

The New York Evening Telegram of Friday last had quite a "write-up" of our school, illustrated by four excellent cuts.

Lillie Stassatt, Vallie Gunn and Mary Sommers had a little party all of their own in the girls' locker-room on Saturday afternoon.

HONOR ROLL

Pupils whose names are found in this list have received an excellent report for deportment and have made erery effort to make progress in studies during the past month.

Angelo Avallone. Harriet Alexander. Marion Apgar. Patrick Agnew. Walter Battersby. George Bedford. Arthur Blake. Joseph Buccino. Charles Buck. Edmund Beyer. Samuel Brosnick. Louis Bausman. Alice Battersby. Lizzie Beck. Muriel Bloodgood. Helen Bath. Matilda Pilics John Bernhardt. Edward Campbell. Esther Clayton. Edith Cohen. Albert Corello. Agnes Cornelius. James Dunning. Harry Dixon. Charles Dobbins. Charles Durling. Vito Dondiego. Carl Droste. Pasquale Dercola. Guistino de Amicis. Stuart Davis. Cornelia De Witte. Isadore Engel. William Felts. Le Roy Flock. Arthur Greene. Mamie Gessner. Valentine Gunn. Hans Hansen. Roy Hapward. Otis Harrison. George Hummel. Lewis Hartpence. Frieda Heuser. Mildred Henemier. Sarah Hartman. Perla Harris. Philip Hughes. Jrene Humphries. John Imhoif. Max Jackenske. Charles Jerrell. Gottfried Kreutler.

Margaret Kluin. Annie Kodaba. Arthur Lefler. Lillian Leaming. Maria Lotz. Andrew McClay. Walton Morgan. John MacNee. Mary Mendum. Salvatore Maggio. Viola McFadden. Carthyrn Melone. Louis Otten. Isadore Oliner. Antonio Petoio. Oreste Palmieri. John Pihs. Joseph Pepe Frances Phalon. Louisa Parella. Loretta Quinlan. Wilbur Rapp. Frank Reed Rurh Ramshaw. Margaret Renton. Ida Reed. Agnes Reilly. Minnie Ruezinsky. Elias Scudder. John Short. Dawes Sutton. Chester Steiner. Arthur Stokes. Edward Scheiber. Lily Stassatt. Goldie Sheppard. Edna Snell. Annie Savko. Marcia Savercool. Clara Scheiber. Mary Siegel. Antonio Tafro. Edith Tussey. Mary Turner. James Thompson. Clara Van Sickle. Nellie Van Lenten. Douglas Vincent. Charles Whitten. Elton Williams. Joseph Whalen. Wanda Wojewucka. Pearl Zoltock.

Some of the boys were in such a hurry to see the Democratic parade on Tuesday afternoon that they forgot to ask permission.

Since our last issue, William Stocker has taken charge of a "lino," in the composing-room of the *Press-Chronicle* of Paterson.

If a vote as to whether they preferred summer or winter were taken by our pupils we think the former would win fifty to one.

It is observed that the children who take books from the library regularly, and read them, become far and away the best scholars.

The matrons of Trenton have the honor of being the first to suggest a law requiring married men to wear rings on their thumbs.

Though they lost, our boys greatly enjoyed their game with the High School boys in the gymnasium of the latter, on Thursday afternoon.

Esther Clayton is so big and strong that it is hard for her to look sick. She came pretty near it last week, though, when the grip got her.

The last "minutes" of the State Board were more voluminous than usual and kept the boys in the prnting office hustling, to get them done on time.

We are all looking forward anxiously to the action of the legislature upon our application for \$40,000 to errect a new dormitory building.

Benjamin Abrams, Esq., proclaims that he is a socialist, and says he will never be satisfied until there is a Socialist President of the United States.

Hartley Davis says Clara Van sickle has but one bad habit, that of "shutting the door noisily." We know several deaf children who are prone to do that.

The splendid Museum of Natural History under the direction of Mr. Morse, is one of the particular objects of interest to our little folks, when they have a half day off.

A careful reading of our honor roll will show us that there are quite a few absences from it, this month. There is no good reason why any child in the school should not be on it.

After his attack of the "grippe" Alfred Grieff did not seem to get strength like the other children, and has been allowed a leave of absence to recuperate.

Robert Logan, who graduated a couple of years ago, is now working with the Victor Talking Machine Company of Camden and reports that he has a good, well-paying position.

While skating at Spring Lake Park, the other day, Charles Durling and Michael Grod dropped through the ice into the water up to their necks; but both succeeded in scrambling out, and neither even caught a cold.

Our base-ball enthusiasts may already be seen out practising, when the weather permits. John Garland and Joseph Novak are learning to twirl and we may look for them among the phenomenons of the season.

One of our little girls has a little dog which she always has thought to be very cute; but, while she was at home, it ate up a plate of fudge which she had set out to cool, and she now has quite changed her opinion of it.

M. T. H. Stevenson, the art connoisseur of Philadelphia, was here for three days, early in the month, "doing up" Mr. Walker's oilpaintings. The effect of his treatment has been magical, and they have been wonderfully improved.

(Continued on Page 98)







NEW GYMNASIUM BLD'G-NEBRASKA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Photos by Mac. "CUPID'S CAVE."—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Mac's Musings

Nebraska, O Nebraska, I love to sing your praise; Despite the snow, and that you show Some wild and wooly ways!

-Lincoln State Journal

PRETTY poor stuff, that, to those who live outside of this strip of territory, wherein play the wild winds and tenacious mud that mark one unmistakably a Nebraskan! To those on the inside the sentiment is almost a stroke of genius, depicting in three lines—about as much of the truth as ever gets into any state song. The only way to interpret the lines is to come out and get a taste of the "Wild and Wooly."

Cold-weather stories are blowing in on us so relentlessly that to show the other fellows that we, too, are "in it," we shall retell one with which we entertained the Pumpkinville Literary Society, the other evening, as it was gathered around the "back stove." The oldest member had just handed down his from the president's chair '(the sugar barrel) with such chilling gusto as to freeze the rhetoric of the humbler brethren who occupied the lower seats. The ominous silence that ensued would have never been broken, had not an honorary visitor from the Metropolis "put one over" on the old chap, by relating how, in our town, it was so cold that the current in the electric wires was frozen so that the people had to wait for the current to thaw out—it being evening—before they could read the latest about Uncle Joe.

OTHER LANGUAGES than those embraced in the college curriculum are constantly forcing themselves upon our notice. The marvelous progress of a certain professor, who has given his life to the study of the phonetics of monkeys, encourages us to believe that there will vet be a text book on the monkey tongue to help broaden the intellects of our college students. But, with all this study of languages, why neglect the sign-language? As hinted in the biography of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, by his own son, Edward Miner Gallaudet, the language of signs is a universal language. This being so, it should receive some attention from our learned professors of languages, who are so zealous to delve into the intricacies of any method by means of which thought has been expressed. Having consulted such re-liable authorities as Noah Webster, we are led to believe that the "silent language" is the only universal language there ever was and the only one there ever will be until the Millenniumunless it be "the language of love" which, of course, it is neither feasible nor necessary to teach in our colleges.

In a masterly work entitled "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," the

great scholar Darwin cites an incident that we cannot refrain from repeating here, so conclusively does it demonstrate that the language of signs is the natural language of man used by him when all others fail.

It happened that a man who shied at ceremonies had a formal dinner given in his honor by his friends. When the man whom the enthusiastic company delighted to lionize arose at the table to make his response, he merely went through his evidently memorized speech in meaningless gestures, entirely unconscious of the fact that he was not uttering a sound, the loud applause of his friends, who magnanimously caught the spirit of his speech, caused him to remark, afterwards, that he thought he had done uncommonly well. There you have it. Back to the sign-language. It seems that man cannot get entirely away from his primitive instincts.

Another incident, which brings the subject of signs to the attention of educators of the deaf, occurred right at home just the other day. Under the heading "Drill Saves 225 Deaf and Dumb from Flames," the newspapers told how, when the recent fire broke out at the New York Institution for the Improved Instruction "all orders were given in of Deaf-Mutes, signs"; how Mabel Stone, a deaf-mute, "fluttered to the basement, darting words from her fingers." We should like to ask the "oralists" why, if said institution is an oral school, the pupil did not give the signal to the instructors orally, inasmuch as the vocal organs, when properly developed, are much quicker and more effective in giving such a warning than the fingers, however nimble the latter may be. We put forth this query and expect a satisfactory answer, if there is a man (or woman) among them that can render a reason.

This is an admirable hand-book, "The Sign-Language" by our neighbor, Professor J. S. We believe it ought to be in the reference library of every instructor of languages as well as among the oft-consulted books of the instructors of the deaf. But being merely a "key" to said language it seems inevitable that future revisions and additions will be made to the work, just as, every now and then, a horde of former barbarous slang terms, having acquired a decent appearance by rub-bing up against civilization, clamor for and are admitted to the pages of our dignified Webster. We might suggest an addition of some pictorial puns to Mr. Long's dictionary. For how shall that most elusive thing in our language, the pun, which depends upon a play on the sound, as well as on the meaning of a word, be expressed as signs? True, the pun is denounced by the over-dignified as worthless form of wit. Be that as it may, so long as our statesmen, or big bosses, keep on working the pun at their big dinners, it looks as if this mongrel species of humor has gained an immortal place at the masters' tables.

We remember once trying to relate to a deaf person with a keen sense of humor a yarn by an old baseball "fan" of how an old star named Casey got "home" on a "fly." Now, we could not make the sign for a "fly" ball, as we didn't mean that, and to spell out the word was tedious in a snappy story of the diamond. We had, therefore, to let the humor of the story be lost on our listener, because its point was a pun that could not be forcibly put into signs. You see, the "fly" Casey got home on was a pestiferous horse-fly that, at the psychological moment, intercepted the hypnotic spell of the pitcher's eye, which up to the last inning had proved a "hoodoo."

Omaha, as the Next Convention City of the National Association of the Deaf, is looming more conspicuously into view. The local committee is preparing to put down in black and white just what the Gate City will do about it. Backed up by a commercial club that allow no other to go it one better, the Omaha deaf know what they've got to offer, and the N. A. D., as a whole, will know that they're getting their money's worth when they come to our town.

In the SILENT WORKER for January, Rev. James H. Cloud says, in regard to the place for holding the next convention: "We originally favored Omaha, but—." We should like to ask the reverend gentleman of Missouri what has caused him to go back on his first love. In fact, we do not believe he really has, as he well knows Omaha as the city of the "Glad Hand," and that genuine western spirit that prevails here is just the thing to push any convention along.

A Wail from the Man up North would be a fitting caption for J. Cooke Howard's say in the last issue of this paper. Until we had met him we thought J. Cooke was a man "with A hearty hand-shake from him, a Grouch." however, soon disillusioned us, and we found that he is the personification of geniality, and very unlike his writings. To those who have not had the pleasure of meeting him we wish to explain that there are other things than indigestion that induce a minor strain in one's literary style. We learned in our studies of literature in college that the bards who got their inspiration from the howling seas and weather wrote with a whine. 'beastly' J. Cooke in his wails but echoes the winds up north. We have lived in that region and can, therefore, speak from experience.

We are glad to note the influence of Sunny California on Howard L. Terry's latest literary output.

J. H. McFarlane.



By F. P. Gibson, Room 1401, Schiller Bldg.

THE Chicago Tribune of January 15, mentions the proposed establishing of a Voice Museum in Paris, where the words of all great men may be "canned and preserved" for the benefit of coming generations—via the phonograph. It is intended to call the institution the "Phonetic Institue." Here's a suggestion for the Moving Picture Fund committee.

4.4.4

Recently a damage suit of one deaf man against another was filed in a Chicago court, \$10,000 being asked in return for alleged slanderous statements made by one party to the suit. The Chicago papers had their usual puns in evidence. One stated "the girl who just couldn't make her eyes behave" had nothing on the party troubled with incorrigible fingers. A new phrase, "manual slander," was coined as a result of the filing of the suit. The Chicago Record Herald editorially comments as follows, captioning the article "Slander Without Words:"

The insufficiency of the dictionary as a definer of words and even of the law books in their determination of the law's own terms, is strikingly shown by two current suits for slander.

The books define slander as "defamation, whether oral or written," and as the "utterance of false, malicious and defamatory words."

Yet how if the report considered slanderous has been started by the motion of the fingers or merely by the too marked play of facial expression?

Case 1. A deaf-mute, member of a fraternal society, complains that a fellow member, also a deaf-mute, has spread reports in the finger language of the dumb that he had obtained benefits from the organization by fraud.

Case 2. A married woman complains that a man who was asked if the gossip connecting his name with hers was true contented himself with indulging in "knowing looks," thus communicating an impression which could not but be to her serious detriment.

Strictly speaking, no "words," either "oral" or "written," were employed in either case, yet it is asserted that definite injuries have been sustained. The madequacy of mere words to deal with real things has seldom been more strikingly shown.

* * *

In contrast to the above, how different is the following result of probably a similiar dispute, but settled in another and more satisfactory manner—the clipping being from a Little Rock (Ark.) paper:

Two middle-aged men, standing on the corner of Markham and Louisiana yesterday, became engaged in an altercation that bade fair to end pugilitically, but which finally came to a peaceful end.

The nature of the disagreement could not be discerned. They were deaf-mutes and spoke with the arms, hands, mouth, nose, eyes and feet and even swayed their bodies in the heat of their excitement.

Hands waved and whirled in the air like electric fans, but finally one of the participants stopped and pondered a moment and then waved an invitation toward a near-by refreshment stand. The dark frown on the face of the other faded away and gave place to a roseate smile and the two strolled away, arm in arm.

In press dispatches of January 13 accounts of fire at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes in New York city mention how the fire-drill proved the salvation of some 229 children, but what puzzles us is the statement that the children were awakened by the teachers and given instruction in the sign-language which brought them all marching out to safety—that is in a purely oral school such as we understand this one to be.

To our masters of signs—artists in every sense of the word—these words of J. G. Hooland ring true:

"Artists are nearest God. Into their souls he breathes his life and from their hands it comes in fair, articulate forms to bless the world."

In Marion Harland's department in the Chicago Daily News recently appeared the following query:

"I have a deaf boy 18 years old. At present he is doing outside night work, but his health is failing and I should like to find something else for him to do. He speaks well and can understand any one if he sees the movement of the lips. He is very bright and has worked in an automobile shop, but that is dangerous for one who cannot hear. I have tried to think of something for him to do or some trade for him to learn but cannot decide. Will you or some of your readers kindly make a suggestion? My boy has had a good education, as he has gone to school since he was five years old. MRS. A. B.

"Chicago"

Mrs. Harland replied:

There must be several occupations he can follow successfully. I submit the case to our committee of the whole. Could he not be a bookkeeper? What say our business men?

Later on the following appeared in the same column:

"Regarding the question of Mrs. A. B.' concerning her son who does not hear. I asked my husband, who is a draftsman, if that would not be a good profession for the young man to learn, and he said he thought it would, only that it would necessitate inside work and it might not agree with him. The work is pleasant and there is a constant demand for extra good men. Wages are good and no danger attaches to it. His being able to talk and understand others is very fortunate. I hope he may find just the thing best for him. What does he like best? That might be a guide to selecting his profession.

J. B.

"Western Springs, Ill."

We produce these here as an example of how little the general public know of what the deaf may and can do. When the Publicity Bureau of the N. A. D. is in operation the above is at least one instance in which it will be able to employ its work to good effect.

Another of Mrs. Harland's correspondent's writes as follows—a homily that is good to see:

In spite of the serious handicap of deafness I am as busy and as happy as I can be. I do not allow my infirmity to interfere in the least with my duty to God and to others. To be sure, I am shut out from very, very much that makes life pleasant, but somehow He who permits the affliction makes up in other ways what I miss through lack of hearing. Then I would say to those afflicted in like manner: "Be of good cheer, trust God to make it work for your good, and above all, look out for something to do for others."

* * *

In a current magazine article on Thomas A. Edison appears the following paragraph descriptive of his personal appearance and characteristics:

Six feet tall—wide as a door—heavy framed and strong; face smooth, mobile, coarse, gray eyed and keen; brows puckered into that intent expression common to deaf persons and born of an effort to make the eyes do the work of the ears, Thomas A. Edison goes unchallanged as the world's greatest inventor.

From the Southern Optimist we take the following which was captioned "A Noble Epitaph." Mr. Harsh was well-known to the deaf of Chicago and they will, one and all, agree with the editor of the Optimist in the sentiments expressed:

H. F. Harsh, of Peotone, Ill., was killed a few days ago by the cars while crossing the tracks.

Mr. Harsh had become interested in the Moving Picture Fund going around collecting subscriptions at nights, and it was while on such an errand that the deplorable accident occurred. His son in forwarding the amount he had secured, \$16.15, to Mr. Regensburg said: "My father took great pleasure in collecting for your fund, and I guess every man he showed the paper gave something, for I am sure he did not have an enemy in the town."

Mr. Harsh attened the Colorado Springs Convention and we remember with pleasure our meeting. No better epitaph could be devised than that unconsciously written by his son: "He did not have an enemy in the town."

4 4 4

That Cleveland "protest against the use of profanity by actors in moving picture films' seems to have gone all over the country. In Chicago one of the daily papers had a re-porter make the rounds of the shows accompanied by Mr. Schriver, a local deaf man. They claimed to have found basis for the protest. We also read of the same pilgrimages in Western cities. What we are told, was a grossly exaggerated account of the real situation in Cleveland seems to have proven a most profitable "copy-maker" all over the country. Hereafter we suppose we shall all endeavor to do the censoring stunt in addition to enjoying the show when we take in our usual evening's amusement along this line, and many of us will be enabled to combine profit with pleasure and add a few lessons in the lip-reading line-so, after all, it may turn out to prove a blessing in disguise that the Cleveland reporter did not get his p's and q's mixed.

The way that "Literary Clipping Bureau" idea caught it in the last WORKER was really too bad. The plan was a good one and Mr. Terry had the right grasp on its ways and means as well as being the right man for the place, and, even if it was not properly authorized, neither the plan or the man behind it deserved all the criticism thrown its way. If Mr. Terry's cause suffers a jolt from the things said about him and his ideas, more's the pity.

In passing, in comment on Mr. Howard's letter anent the Bureau, if Mr. Terry's eagle eye had caught my "exactly similiar"— a lapsus digitis or slip of the pen which I cannot recall—I wonder if he had not already cast the same optic over Mr. Howard's "Rowen" articles and slated him for the head of the "Laura Jean Libbey Department." Mr. Howard is some critic himself and as a connosseur in matters appertaining to such a department has no equal among the present contributors to the l. p. f.—as has been evidenced by his devoting the major part of that rowen of his to the cultivation of the eternal feminine.

Chicago Division, N. F. S. D., held its

annual installation of officers Saturday evening, December 31, at its hall in the Masonic Temple. The Division officers for 1911 had the distinction of being sworn in by the Society's Grand President, Mr. Bristol, who was in attendance at a meeting of the Society's Board of Directors. In addition to President Bristol, Vice-President William C. Fugate, of Louisville, Philip Morin, of Willimansett, Mass., Financial Secretary N. Lee Harris, of Indianapolis, and the Chicago resident grand officers were present, also Messrs. Henry B. Plunkett and Oscar Angelroth, of Milwaukee, and Emanual Jacobs and William Behrendt, of Detroit. After the new officers were installed a reception was tendered the visiting officers and the evening pleasantly spent in impromptu addresses and social chat until the New Year was ushered in.

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A St. Louis deaf man possesses a new wrinkle in the way of alarm clocks. It is "Poodle," a dog which for years assumed the responsibility of awakening the family each morning and starting the head of the house to work.

There is no more appropriate place for the establishing of a Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf than in the City of Brotherly Love. Philadelphia should appreciate the fact and live up to its name as far as possible by boosting that "aviation" Mr. Reider speaks of.

On the bill of fare at a Chicago Heights cafe is: "Beef stew—dumbling style."

Pansy is up to her neck (almost to the drowning point) in national politics. She gloried in a little gossip in the Southern Optimist "accusing" the Duluth Croesus of being "dippy" on the petticoat contingent at the National Association for the Deaf convention. This is one example to show how much she knows of every little detail of the N. A. D. affairs.—Cholly Lawrence in the Michigan Mirror.

You are neglecting your reading, Cholly. Get your order in for the "Rowen" articles when they come out in book form. The Journal will supply particulars on request.

If New Orleans gets the Panama Exposition in 1915 it would make a good meeting place for the N. F. S. D. convention scheduled for that year.

Deaf Printers in Demand

The Kentucky Standard gives the following encouraging report of the success of the printing department of the Kentucky School:—

"We have not been able of late years to supply the demand for deaf printers in the State. It is a common occurrence to receive requests from those employing printers for boys who have been trained in this office and to be obliged to tell them that there is not one avaible. Every boy who completes the course in the printing department here soon lands in a good berth. We usually have about twenty apprentices in the office, but now that the addition to the shop building has been completed we shall largely increase the number. Printing has proved in Kentucky at least, to be the best trade open to the deaf that can be taught at the Schools. In good times and bad the work is steady, and wages, year in and year out, as good or better than in any other trade open to the deaf.

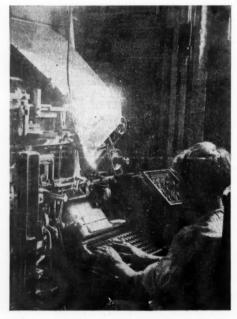
Several of the Schools have installed linotypes and others are said to be considering the advisability of doing so. A linotype is, without doubt, a good thing in a School's equipment, but yet not an essential one; the work of the School is to give the apprentice a good foundation on which he may build after leaving us, and this secured the operation of

the linotype can be mastered in a few weeks at one of the linotype schools in the larger cities."



RICHARD McCABE
Deaf-Mute linotyper on *The Morning Herald*,
Gloversville, N. Y.

Mr. McCabe graduated from the Rome school in 1900. There he learned the printer's trade. After 8 years' steady work as job and ad. compositor in Hamilton, he took a course as operator at the N. E. Linotype school in Boston, Mass., for eight weeks in 1908. Then, after working in some various offices, he has been steadily working as operator on the Morning Herald at Gloversville, N. Y., since April 1, 1909, much to his satisfaction. He has been a Union man since a few months after his graduation from the Rome school. He is married and has two hearing little boys.



W. D. STOCKER

Mr. W. D. Stocker, who graduated from the printing department of the New Jersey School last June, is operating a linotype at the *Press-Chronicle* office in Paterson. Frank Mesick, also of the same school, has been operating a machine there for the past year. Both give satisfaction.

The same conditions exist in New Jersey. Nearly every graduate from the printing department of the New Jersey School is doing well at his chosen trade and even the Engraving department of the School is unable to supply the demand.

There are three deaf linotype operators already "making good" in the large cities of the State.

The Linotype

[From the "Linotype Bulletin."]
The Linotype and I are friends,
Our partnership is great.
I tell her all the breezy news,
She puts it into plate.

I touch her on the tender nerve, She answers every call. And as I tell her what I want, She lets the letters fall.

She never disagrees with me,
No matter what I think.
She reads my thoughts from finger tips,
And fixes them for ink.

She judges I know how to spell, And spells the words as I do; She never criticises me— The best of friends to tie to.

I keep her in the best of trim; I polish, dust and oil her; She all my care appreciates; Attention does not spoil her.

She never treasures up a wrong;
She melts all blunders down;
She takes the bad and makes it good—
A model for the town.

She helps me pay my board and keep, And serves me every day. She helped me earn this dollar, too, My debt of love to pay.

To Whom It May Interest

If the author or authoress of the article in the Worker for January signed "The Lost" have any sense of honor, please come out with the name.

Mr. Regensburg and I started up a good thing for the N. A. D., as fair as it could be, as can be seen by my articles in the *Journal* for the month of October, but inasmuch as certain persons can see only the dark side of things and are kicking vigorously against the good work—we, Mr. Regensburg and I, are only too glad to throw the work off our hands.

I wish to say one word in defense of Mr. Regensburg, whose enemies seem to think that he was prompting certain work on my part that, as soon as Mr. Hanson appointed me a member of the Publicity Board he kept his hands off my work. He did not know a thing about what I was doing relative to the Clipping Bureau, nor did he know of the letter I published in the December Worker until it came out.

While clipping articles I clipped the best I could find on all matters of interest to the N. A. D. Some people seem to think I am jealous of our deaf poets—well, I clipped every good article I could find about them, clipped their best poems, too.

As for being an agent to muck-raking, I wish to say I resent the insult. Howard L. Terry.

Fulfilling Its Mission

Your interesting and entertaining little paper is fulfilling its mission wonderfully well, and I get no end of pleasure, instruction and information out of its monthly visits. Hoping the New Year will bring the SILENT WORKER added prosperity, I remain Mrs. Bertrand P. Partridge.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Some Candid Observations

Mrs. Homebody has enjoyed all of the various accounts of the journey to the Pike's Peak or Bust country, last summer, and confesses to an active envy of the fortunate travelers. She has read them all with some approbation, some criticism and an assortment of blushes. May she also confess that she turned from the Wild and Wooly Western style of the Rowen man, the scornfully critical tone of the St. Louis writer, the sharply resentful and sarcastic retorts of the Nabob of Chickenville, to the jolly, kindly columns contributed by The Telephone Man and finally with a portentious sigh of relief to Editor Hodgson's account of his trip and his impressions of the Convention. Our friend, Mr. Hodgson, took us all out to the West and brought us back again on velvety cushions and smooth-running trains as it were.

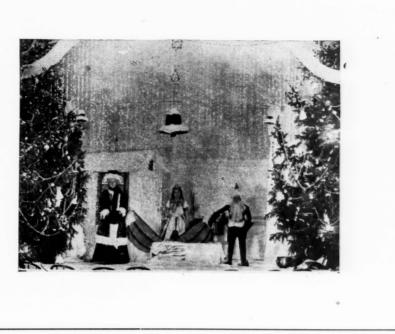
No doubt the years spent in the editorial chair, carefully scissoring the best literature for his publication, his habit of eliminating the undesirable faulty grammar of multitudes of correspondents, added to his naturally easy command of the English language, has served to purify his style of expression. Would that other writers could take his style as a model of refined smoothness, purity and dignity.

And speaking of Colorado: the debate on the Combined vs. Pure Oral System deserved its fate. The mistake of the Committee lav in the failure to pit against each other, graduates of both schools. Neither Dr. Bell nor Dr. Crouter was educated by either method. They are only the exponents of the method which they think is best for the deaf; in the nature of things, they cannot know that they are right. The Committee should have pitted Dr. Fox and Prof. McGregor against Mr. Fecheimer and some other graduate of an oral school. It is to laugh! The pure oralist's convictions and enthusiastic faith in his method are as unchangeable and unquenchable as those of the combiner, so what is the use of all those rodomontades against this method, and what is the use of arranging debates. which can be but one-sided, since the oralist persistently and consistently declines to debate. One might as well endeavor to move the Chinese Wall. Perhaps the wall is objectionable to the enemy, but how does one know but that it serves it's purpose? And, dear reader, do you notice that while the combiners write fierce condemnations of the oral method the oralist quietly goes about his business cutting wood, rain or shine?

Does it ever occur to combiners that it is far and often one of their own number who helps to strengthen the oralist's objection to signs as a means of expression? The writer bears in mind two occasions where the supporters of both methods gathered in convention, the one at Fanwood in 1890, the other in Lake George in 18-, where she witnessed two expositions of the grace and beauty (?) of the sign-language which caused her to yearn for a hole in the earth to gather her in. At Fanwood, a deaf teacher of years of experience in a Southern School, prefaced his paper with: "I'll teach those oralists a thing or two about signs," which he proceeded to do with the most awful grimaces, violent gyrations over the stage with parenthetical legs, throwing perfect parabolic figures with his arms, and the spectacle of his interpreter, none other than Dr. I. L. Peet, himself a fine sign-maker, frantically hopping about and following him trying to tell the convulsed and disgusted audience where the speaker was at, is something long to be remembered. Who knows but that this vicious exhibition settled the balance in Dr. Bell's views and prompted his munificent gift of the sum of \$25,000 for the formation of a speech

A like scene occurred at Lake George, with the result that scores of combiners and "half-overs" were driven into the enemy's fold.

And likewise, dear reader, do you realize that the combiner who cannot read, or speaking, cannot read speech, is often the most violent opponent of the oral method? One of the latter is so bitter an opponent



CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VANCOUVER SCHOOL When a huge Pumpkin was cut and opened a pretty girl emerged into view.

that he is known to repeatedly insult a certain deaf woman who was educated with hearing children by telling her bluntly that she is a fraud, that she did not read the lips of her teachers, that she possessed sufficient hearing to depend upon it when, in fact, it was impossible for her to hear in view of the distance between her desk and the teacher's chair. Here is prejudice! And jealousy, if you will. The lady takes her graduation from the High School as a matter of course, is utterly devoid of vain-glory, and is only grateful for having obtained a good common school education.

The Committee on the Moving Picture project should exercise the utmost care in the choice of the man whose signs are to be handed down to future generations as models. We do not want grimaces to be perpetuated and, by the way, as fine and graceful a sign-maker as can be found anywhere is Professor Wm. H. Weeks, of the Hartford School, and it would be meet that one of the oldest graduates should be tendered the compliment of being invited to pose in a film.

Mr. Davidson's plea for standard signs—for purity of signs—is commendable; but who is to set the standard and how is the average signer going to be convinced that *his* delivery is not pure and up to the mark? Better give it up, Mr. Davidson, it is too knotty a problem.

Of recent years, the writer has been brought into frequent communication with some of the brightest and best of the deaf and her amaze at the inability of the semi-mutes to read speech with ease grows with each new acquaintance. Her theory that the child who becomes deaf must invariably learn to read the lips receives a shock. The spectacle of a deaf man of fluent speech and advanced education receiving ordinary comunications in writing, as the deaf-mute does, is a painful spectacle. Will some one explain the phenomenon?

The popular public is interested in those three little church papers—All Souls' News, of Philadelphia, The Silent Churchman, of Chicago, and The Unity, of Pittsburg, each good in its own precinct and of little if any use in any other field. But the action of one of them in printing in it's Directory of Missions only those which support it financially, or by written contributions, has received much adverse criticism as being contrary to a Christian Spirit or of Brotherly Love. Samples of the paper are presumably distributed broadcast among the deaf and in churches for the hearing and

the incomplete directory conveys the impression that the only missions in the United States are those appearing therein. The policy, "you tickle me and I will tickle you," does not always work. St. Ann's, the oldest and most prominent of missions, is conspicuous for its absence.

Mrs. Homebody.

Yuletide at Altoona

One of the social functions of the Yuletide season was the birthday surprise party given by the deafmutes of Altoona on Saturday the 31st, in honor of Mr. Chas. E. Saylor, at his residence. The early part of the evening was spent in social games and dancing. The climax was capped when the party was ushered into the elaborately decorated diningroom, where everybody was imbued with the holiday spirit. A miniature Christmas-tree, covered with cotton liberally sprinkled with tinsel, had the place of honor in the centre of the table. Sprigs of holly with berries were scattered about on the table. A large snow-capped bell was tied to the chandelier, from which radiated lines of ribbons that fastened with sprigs of holly at the end of the table. Cotton and tinsel representing flakes covered the smaller bells that hung on the ribbons at regular intervals. A large birthday cake completed the frosty decorations. Mr. Saylor was the recipient of many handsome presents. The participants were Misses Laura Brumbaugh of New Enterprise, and Laura B. Butterbaugh of Cresson; Messrs, James H. Butterbaugh, Carl M. Bohner, Jacob Otto, David Singerman; John T. Leepard and Burns H. Crider, of Bellefonte; Joseph A. Campbell, of Perulack. Juniata County; Ceorge Sunders, of Gallitizin; Mrs. Mary Robb and son, of South Altoona; Mrs. Charles Campbell, of Juniata; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer G. Chathams; Mrs. Abraham Richman, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Saylor.

Mr. James M. Butterbaugh, formerly a pupil in the Pittsburg School for the Deaf, now employed as Carpenter's helper in the Altoona Machine Shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has recently returned from a visit to the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf at Philadelphia, the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* at New York City, and the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

I. H. B.

Don't think you are indepensable. Notice a hole made in a pail of water when you draw out your finger? So will places be filled when we go.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in Relation to

A paper specially devoted to the deaf may be excused for taking notice of the death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Her husband Dr. Samuel G. Howe, distinguished in many lines of philanthropic endeavor, will be remembered by our readers chiefly as the pioneer instructor, in this country, of the deaf-blind. He blazed the way in the instruction of Laura Bridgman, for what is now the well-worn path which Helen Keller and many others have followed to heights which were far beyond his pupils' reach. The education of the feebleminded, too, was largely developed by him. Truly he was, as Whittier sings

"** the Cadmus of the blind,

Giving the dumb lips language, the idiot clay a mind,"

In all this work Mrs. Howe was his warmest sympathizer and a most powerful aid.

Possessed of every advantage—wealth, beauty, and social cnarm, wit, intellect, accomplishment—a veritable social queen, she made the Perkins Institute one of the leading centres of intellectual and humanitarian interest in the city, then most distinguished of all American cities for philanthropy and literary culture. Her later career, though it has made her a figure of national prominence, has only displayed on a wider stage the qualities of mind and heart with which she enriched the teaching life and work in those early days.—Alabama Messenger.

What a Deaf Man May Do

That a man, although deaf, may accomplish much is shown by the life of P. C. Coann, who died at Albion, N. Y., recently.

Mr. Coann lost his hearing when a youth, at II years of age, we believe. He never attended deaf schools, but secured a high education largely through his own efforts.

He studied law and was admitted to the bar. Although he could not conduct a case in court, he did much office work and proved himself skillful in arguments and clinching facts.

Having a love for literary work, he bought out the Weekly News, a country paper. The first year he doubled the circulation. The later disposed of this and started a smaller paper, known as the Albion Free Lance, and it proved a free lance. Many an evil-doer_or grafter has cause to hate that Lance.

Mr. Coann has crossed the Atlantic over 25 times. About eight years ago while in Scotland with his wife, he was impressed with the high price at which American fruit sold there. Knowing something about the cost of shipping he saw there was a chance to make money. Acting on this idea he sent home for a carload of choice apples. These sold readily, at a handsome profit. Before the season closed he had cleared about \$3,000. On his return home he organized the Albion and Glasgow Fruit Company, of which he became president. It proved a profitable venture. Some time ago while in Virginia buying apples for the firm he contracted blood poison, pneumonia followed, which resulted in his death. He was 55 years old.

Although never attending deaf schools and being unacquainted with signs Mr. Coann used the manual alphabet freely. He could, of course, articulate, but was not much at lip-reading. He married a hearing lady, who still resides in Albion.

Some years ago Mr. Coann realizing that it's hard for a deaf man to get the benefit of a lecture or sermon, made arrangements for both himself and wife to take a course in short-hand. This they did. Subsequently they could attend a lecture. She took it down on paper, while he could read it all by her side.

Albion has a free library, books furnished by an annual appropriation by the town. It was largely through Mr. Coann's efforts that this was brought about, as he made a house to house canvass in the interest of the matter.

Mr. Coann also assisted Miss Annetta Noble in several of her standard literary works.

He was a pleasant gentleman to meet, although

unfortunately he never saw fit to associate with the deaf.—Exchange.

Typical Children of Deaf Parents



Leslie Harrison Ritter
22 months old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
C. Ritter, Newport News, Va.

The little girl can make more than two dozen signs (although she is a "pure oralist"). Very fond of horses and riding, and the "old man," who is the only Deaf Superintendent of a boarding school for the Deaf and the Blind in the United States, has a hard time slipping away to town every morning before the young Miss raises a racket to "go."



MAJORIE BACKES STEPHENSON

Seven months old, Oct. 26, 1910. Youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson of Trenton, N. J. Majorie's father is probably the biggest deaf man in the State. He is a potter by trade. The mother (formerly Miss Hattersly) is an excellent housekeeper, besides being skillful with the needle.

That Arizona School

A story has been going the rounds of the deaf press that a new school for the deaf had been started at Phoenix, Arizona. From what seems to be reliable source we learn that no school exists there and that as yet the legislature has done nothing to that end.

Henry, C. White, of Boston, who was mentioned as superintendent, is at present at Phoenix for his health. He may possibly open a private school.—

Silent Observer.

Deaf Homesteaders

A colony of deaf people who have filed on adjoining claims near the town of Watauga bids fair to make that little place quite noted. Quiet Dale is the name which the settlement has been dubbed.

Among the homesteaders are Chas. H. Loucks of Aberdeen, president of the South Dokato Association for the Advancement of the Deaf, and Miss Marion E. Finch of this city, who came here recently from Kansas City. D. M. Authier of Woonsocket is another South Dakotan who has joined the party. The three mentioned are old schoolmates and among the prominent deaf people of the state. Both the men ar successful farmrs Mr. Loucks having spent all his life upon a farm previous to his coming to Aberdeen six years ago. Four other deaf people are in the colony and it is expected that a well-known deaf couple will come from Omaha to join the party.

The settlers say that they are anticipating a very pleasant time and that they will leave nothing undone to make the "simple life" as enjoyable as possible. They will welcome others of their order into the settlement. Most of those who have joined will spend the winter in more settled districts and go to Watauga in the spring to begin residence.

Watauga is a new town on the reservation near the North Dokota line and situtated on the Puget Sound extension of the Milwaukee line.—Aberdeen American.

Another Deaf Man

"Deafy" Boular is now employeed at the Thayer foundry. While a reporter was at the foundry yesterday afternóon talking to Will Thayer, "Deafy" approached, looking very serious, and made a few finger signs. His employer merely shook his head in a negative sort of way. Then "Deafy" made more signs, made them more rapidly and looked terribly distressed. When he had finished, Mr. Thayer nodded his assent, and "Deafy" departed with a smile. "He wants to lay off tomorrow," said the foundryman. "Deafy" moulds sash weights, and earns from \$2.50 to \$3 a day. Good wages for a mute who is handicapped through the loss of his legs, but every body knows that "Deafy" is a hard worker and a good one.—Atchinson Globe.

The above refers to William Boular, a pupil here back in the eighties. He was at one time noted as one of the fastest brick-layers in the Missouri Valley. Having lost both legs just below the knee while a youth, he had some advantage over other brick layers. At a contest in Lexington, Mo., some years ago, he set 33,000 bricks in a day, winning a medal for the feat. We are glad to see that William is getting along well in the world. Many a hearing man, similiarly crippled, would be dependent on relatives or charity.—Kansas Star.

Supt. Ritter Doing Well

Superintendent William C. Ritter, of the Virginia State School for Colored Deaf and Blind Children, at Newport News, has been very successful since assumming charge of this new school. He reports four new brick buildings (after his own plans) fiftyone pupils, four teachers, two horses, fifty acres of land, herd of twenty hogs, lots of chickens, turkeys, etc. The buildings are heated by steam and lighted by electricity. A \$2000 laundry started operations early in January. The entire plant is worth \$60,000.

Mr. Ritter has made many sacrifices to get his "pet hobby" established—i. e., a school for the three hundred deaf and blind children of Virginia.

He was unable to attend the Colorado Convention last August as he had three new buildings going up which required his personal attention.

TIPS FOR THE WORKER.—Never get careless about your work. Be cheerful over your work; nobody wants to hear of aches and pains.

Politeness costs little and brings in splendid returns.



By R. B. Lloyd, B.A.

Mr. H. J. Bowen, who was a student at the Virginia School many years ago, died recently. In his will he requested that his farm be sold and the proceeds given to the school. The farm was recently sold for \$3000.

J. H. Geary, who was once principal of the day school for the deaf in Cleveland and connected with the Fraternal Society of the Deaf, is foreman of the locomotive department of the Missouri Pacific R. R. and other connecting lines.

Mrs. Mary H. Rocap, a prominent deaf lady of Philadelphia, has been awarded \$250 damages for injuries she received by falling from a trolley car two years ago. The case was called for trial, but before it came up the Transit Company agreed to settle for the amount named above.

On account of the prevalence of scarlet fever none of the children at the Winnipeg school were allowed to leave the school during the Christmas holidays. They had a good time, nevertheless, with the boxes received from home and the entertainments for them conducted by the teachers.

The School for the Deaf in Manila, over which Miss Rice presides, is now in new and better quarters. The government has given it a building of twenty-seven rooms, and forty acres of land. The building was formerly a college and has been completely furnished for the instruction of the deaf.

The deaf of Wheeling, W. Va., now have a church of their own. The edifice was consecrated Nov. 5, 1910. Rev. O. J. Whildin is the rector. It is known as St. Elizabeth's Chapel for the Deaf. It was erected a few years ago in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth McClurg Steenrod, of Wheeling, West Virginia.

Here is a clipping from the Philadephia Record anent a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers, held at Chester, Pa:

She introduced Rebecca Houser, a little girl who came to the school last July. The child had only four months opportunity to learn to talk, yet she conversed freely with a couple of persons called from the audience, whom she had not seen before.

It is a peculiar fact that there is not a deafmute in our state penitentiary, and those who have investigated the matter, state that there is not an educated deaf-mute in any of the penitentiaries throughout the United States. Surely this is a wonderful record and goes to show, that with the training given to those persons who have their hearing and speech, the deaf-mute excels. — Sioux Falls Press.

We commend to the observation of our distinguished comtemporaries of Pennsylvania the following screed from the North Dakota Banner:—

guisned comtemporaries of Pennsylvania the following screed from the North Dakota Banner:

We have often wondered why some of the state associations go by such a legend as this: "The Blank Association for the Advancement of the Deaf." We have always favored the simpler designation, by leaving out the superfluous word advancement. There is hardly a club or organization formed without some kind of advancement in sight, yet we do not see this adjective displayed in corporate organizations of the hearing world. To the public a state association with the advancement feature so conspicuous might suggest that the deaf are not capable of advancement in any line of endeavor unless they come together in some form of an organization. Let us look at ourselves as others see us: "The Chautauqua Association" is more concise than "The Chautauqua Association for the advancement of the people of North Dakota". "The Daughters of the American Revolution" appeals to us much better than "The National Association for the Advancement of the Daughters of the American Revolution". "The Army of the Republic" is more charming to us than "Thae Brotherhood for the Advancement of the Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic". "The Salvation Army" covers all that is embodied in "The World's Organization for the Advancement of the Salvation Army."

Probably no large establishment in Chicago, or even in the United States, has a greater number of employes using the manual alphabet than Rand-McNally & Co. There are eleven compositors, two foremen, one assistant foreman, one proofreader and two clerks who are able to spell on their fingers. A few of them have some knowledge of signs. The company employs nine deaf compositors. Who says the manual alphabet is of no practical value in such a busy place as "Ranally?"

Four of our deaf in Philadelphia are members of the Patriotic Order Sons of America and a fifth member is known to live in the Western part of the State. In and around Allentown a dozen deaf, and perhaps more, hold membership in the Junior Order of United America Mechanics. A very few deaf have been taken in by the Order of Red Men. These are among the larger secret orders which admit deaf persons. Quite a number are known to belong to smaller fraternal order. — Mt. Avry World.

We note from a letter of a former pupil of the Margate, London, school for the deaf to the editor of the Royal Magazine, the paper published by the Margate school, that in order to learn the printer's trade he must serve as an apprentice for five years and pay the master printer the sum of fifteen pounds sterling (about \$75.00 in American money). This is paid partly by the school and partly by a church society. This will appear strange to the deaf of the United States who are able to learn the printer's trade at our institutions and have little difficulty in securing profitable employment upon leaving school. — Wis. Times.

A thing that has been brought to our attention more than once within the past few months is that Omaha's well-to-do citizens have been convinced of the efficiency of our girls who have secured positions in families and that now the demand for such is greater than the supply. During the summer our superintendent was requested upon several occasions to give names of some good reliable graduate of ours desirous of a place as a domestic in some good home. In many instances the persons were quite wealthy. As a matter of fact our girls do not have to hunt long for such jobs and when once their employers become acquainted with them it is hard for them to get away.—Neb. Journal.

Chicago enjoys the special honor of being the headquarters of two religious papers for the deaf—The Herald and The Silent Churchman. The Herald, set and printed by church members, is easily the best of all other periodicals combined together, so far as its purport, aim, and influence are concerned. The failure of many to wield a moral influence upon the churched and unchurched, as well as to increase the circulation, is mainly attributed to one single fact that they are full of statistical news and short of spiritual food for hungry souls. The Silent Herald, which is an eight-page paper, is edited by Rev. P. Hasenstab. The Silent Churchman is under the management of Rev. G. F. Flick.

Concerning the results attained by teaching with the combined method and the Pure Oral Method the Kansas Star says: "Without intending to be impertinent, and with no intention of hurting the feelings of others, we feel bold enough to comment on one big, undeniable fact that looms up before all educators of the deaf and those directly interested in "war of methods." It is, that the Combined System has produced such able champions among the deaf themselves, while the Pure Oral Method has produced none. The value of any method of education is necessarily judged by results obtained. The development of head, heart and hand is the object of all true education today. Where the mental is neglected for the moral and the physical, or vice versa, we find a weakness, a deficiency, a glaring error that must be charged up to the account of those who are today responsible for the walfare of future generations. That the Combined System has produced scores of noteworthy examples that may be held up as results, there is no question. The opponents of this system must show results from their particular method before the thinking public will endorse efforts to substitute for a System a single Method or Unit of that System."

It is remarkable what a number of teachers of the deaf Edinburgh has furnished in the past. A native. George Dalgarno, who died in 1687, wrote a treatise on the instruction of deaf children which contained many ideas which the nineteenth century has adopted. Thomas Braidwood was educated at Edinburgh university, and a hundred years ago had an academy in Edinburgh where oral instruction was given to deaf children, and where many learned to "hear with the eye." as Dr. Johnson termed it. Alexander Melville Bell was born in Edinburgh on the 1st of March, 1819, and it was there that he formulated the idea of visible speech, which has become so popular in America.— Gesture (Australia).

Supt. White received a long distance telephone call December 20, from the cashier of a Linwood, Kan., bank, saying a young man giving the name of Frank Child was in that city, claiming to be deaf and dumb, and soliciting alms. He was well dressed, and his general demeanor impelled the cashier to phone the school here to see if such a person had ever been in attendance. A search of the records in the office failed to show any one by the name of Frank Child. Supt. White advised the cashier to have the man arrested and prophesied that his speech and hearing would soon return were this done. We have not heard what was done with the man. So far as we know, the "deaf and dumb racket" is seldom resorted to by fakirs in Kansas, but every time such a case is reported the authorities here will take every possible means to make it decidedly warm for such ellow.—Kansas Star.

Miss Margaret A. Regan, principal of public school 47 for the deaf, New York city, passed away during the last week of December after under going an operation for appendicitis. Miss Regan was for a number of years teacher in the Westchester Branch of St. Joseph's Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, after which she became principal of one of the New York city public schools. Upon the establishment of day schools for the deaf in New York city in 1908, Miss Regan was selected as the most available teacher to take charge of the new school. The school was opened with about one hundred pupils and has rapidly increased to an enrollment of nearly three hundred. Miss Regan was a woman of unbounded energy and remarkable executive ability, and in the short time she had charge of the school, she accomplished what, under the circumstances, others might have deemed impossible. — *The Rome Register*.

Dr. A. Graham Bell once said that the deaf do not use signs in the same order that we use English, and citied the first line of the Lord's prayer by way of illustration: "Father our heaven in." That way of reading the Lord's Prayer seems to have originated with the Hartford School, the first school for the deaf in this country. A certain teacher of long standing and a graduate of that school always begins a prayer with "Father" followed by "our," and we are led to believe that the prayer as it originally came to us in signs did not follow English, word for word, but some foreign language. Laurent Clerc who was the first deaf teacher in this country was brought over to Hartford from Paris by Gallaudet and it is possible that he may have introduced that order, although we find that the arrangement of words in the first line of the prayer in English corresponds with that of French. If Clerc had come from Italy, our theory might be correct. The Latin Prayer begins with "Pater noster", in the same way our Hartford friend's prayer in signs does. — North Dakota Banner.

The laws of Justinian do not allow deaf to hold property, to make wills nor to participate in any manner in public affairs. It is very strange, indeed, that the Greeks as well as the Romans did not recognize in the gestures of the deaf-mutes the same language which they took pains to cultivate for their stage performances in the shape of pantomime. Their mimes had developed this art to a degree unknown at the present day. The Asiatic ambassador for whose entertainment Nero exhibited a pantomime could ask for no greater gift froni his imperial host than the possession of a mimic actor. When asked why he desired such an artist in preference to any costly gift within the emperor's power, he replied: "Our neighbors

are barbarians, who do not speak our language, and it is difficult to obtain interpreters. This mimic will be able to tell what we want." And in spite of this highly perfected gesture language and its familiarity to all classes of people, no one thought of employing it as a means to educate the

Prof. R. T. Thompson, who for nearly 39 years was a teacher in the Kansas School for the Deaf, at Olathe, died on the 11th of January, aged 68 years. The funeral service was held in the chapel of the School, Friday afternoon, the 13th, at two

George H. Quackenbos, formerly teacher in the Westchester (N. Y.) and Trenton Schools, but now a New York Police officer, was recently appointed Play Censor.

The Typical Deaf-Mute.

Can it be, after all, that there is the typical deafmute, whom the expert is able to pick out of the mass of humanity with which he mingles?

In a prospectus issued by the Volta Review there is a panel picture of five bright looking little children. Under this picture is the following: "Contrast the vivacity of these speaking children with the facial expression of the typical deaf-mute.

Now, while this does not say it in so many words, it implies, as strongly as language-the English language-can imply, that no five little children who had not been taught to speak could look so happy, bright and intelligent, and that children not so taught, have a type of expression that "gives them away" least to those who have studied the type sufficiently to recognize it.

Not being an expert, the editor of Hoosier can not speak with authority, and, hence, the question. But as to what he has observed in his short connection with the Indiana school, he has to say that he thinks the statement in the prospectus is misleading, and further, that the alertness and brightness of the faces in the picture are due to the awakening and direction of the mental faculties of the children without regard to the manner of the teaching. This he bases on the faces at this school and the pictures taken of them, on entering school and at the end of the first year.

The pictures of the pupils of this school, will show a brightness and alertness that average up with the pictures of pupils from the common schools anywhere from the end of the first year up to and including the graduating class, and we would challange anybody to pick out from these pictures the orallytaught and the manually-taught pupils.

The Volta Bureau is doing a great work, but its influence is not being extended by such unfortunate statements. There is strong sentiment among the adult deaf against the oral method when used to the exclusion of the manual method, because, if they can not recognize the boundless limits of oralism as viewed from a hearing stand-point, they can feel the binding limits of pure oralism as applied to them. And before oralism can come into its own and take its proper place in the education of the deaf. this prejudice must be removed. And such statements do not tend to remove it.—Silent Hoosier.

In Lighter Vein

Don't be what you aint. Jes vou be what vou is: If you is not what you am Then you am not what you is. If you're just a little tad-pole Don't try to be a frog; If youse just the tail, Don't try to wag the dog-

Pass the plate-If you can't exhort and preach; If youse just a little peeble, Don't try to be the beach,-Don't be what you aint; Jes you be what you is, For the man who plays square Is going to get "his."

ANONYMOUS.

(Continued from Page 91)

Vallie Gunn and Muriel Bloodgood helped Mr. Walker to distribute booklets at the Capitol on Monday. After they had finished their work they visited the Senate Chamber, House, and Executive offices, and met quite a few of

A party of the boys chaperoned by Hans Hansen were allowed to attend the Trenton-Graystock game, on Thursday. They rooted with all their might for the Trentons, but all to no avail. Their favorites went down to

Arthur Blake says, in a recent journal; "When I think of the beautiful library we have, and the great number of books I have still to read, of the enormous amount I have to learn and the little I have accomplished, I confess that I feel a little discouraged." same with all of us Arthur!

New Jersey News Notes

Mr. George Morris is now employed at the New Jersey School as stableman. He entered upon his new duties with the advent of the New Year, after spending a week in St. Francis Hospital

The Silent Stars of Trenton, the recently organized basket ball team composed of graduates of the New Jersey School, played two games in Lambertville, January 2, losing one game and winning

Rev. Mr. Dantzer preached at Christ Church, Trenton, Sunday, January 23. The sermon was unusually interesting although the attendance was not very encouraging.

Rev. Harry Van Allen, of Unica, N. Y., missionary to the deaf of Western New York, was in Trenton recently on genealogical business at the State House.

Messrs, Chas, Throckmorton and Walter Hedden are both pleased with their positions as printers in Trenton. This makes three deaf printers in New Jersey's Capitol, the other being Marvin Hunt.

Messrs. A. L. Pach and H. Pierce Kane, of New York City, spent two short but pleasant hours with the Porters in Trenton on the 29th ult.

Miles Sweeney, of Trenton, is ambitious to become an author, with Physical Culture as a specialty. He is a copyist for a newspaper and magazine syndicate, doing the work on a typewriter at home.

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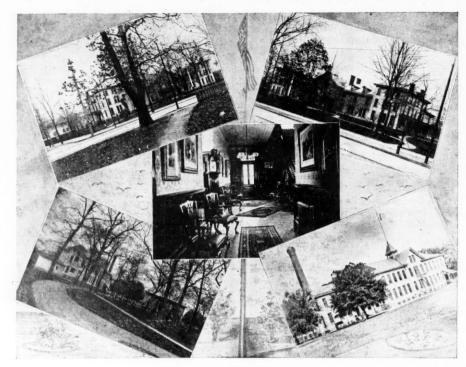
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